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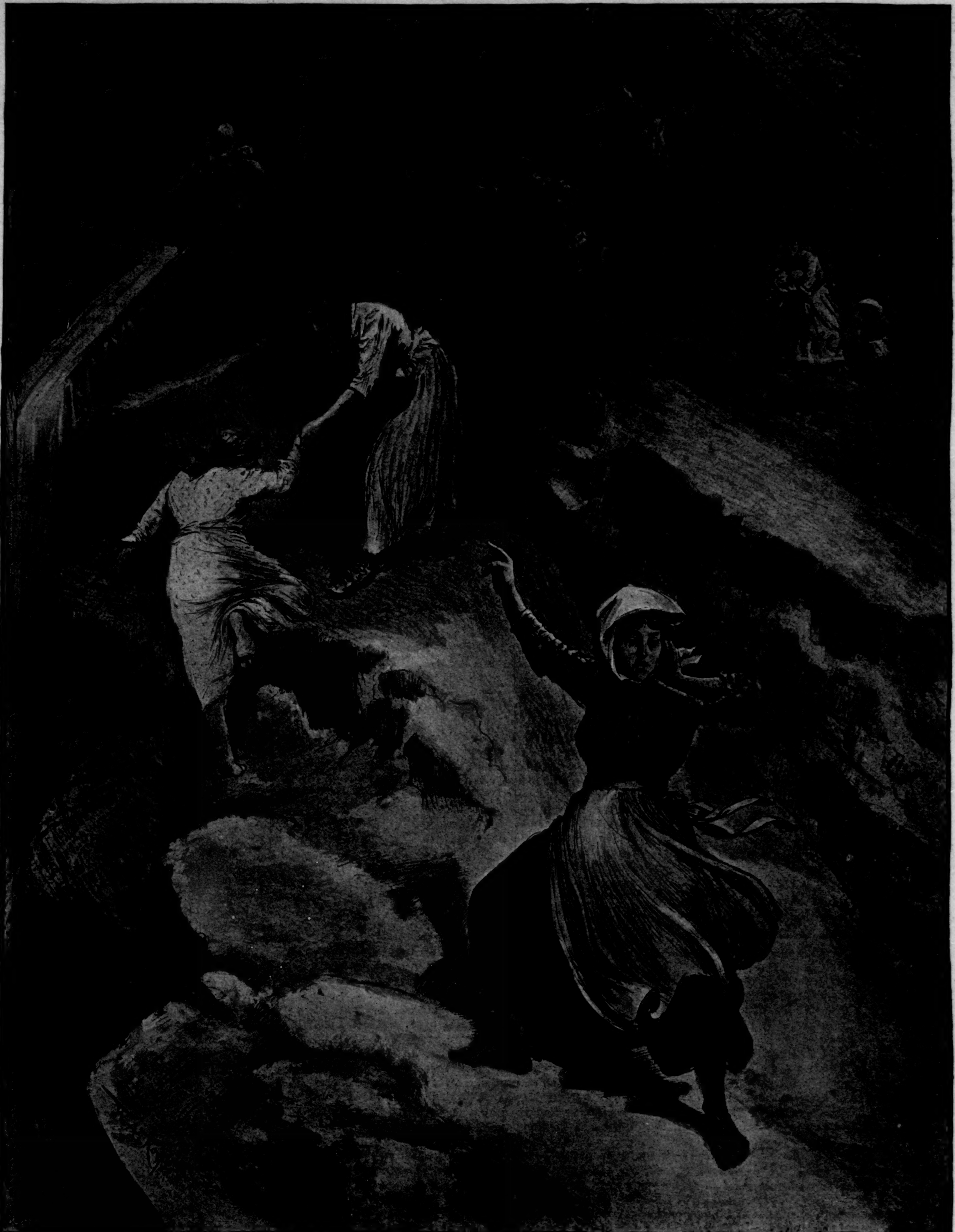

AN INCIDENT IN THE COAL REGIONS—AN ACCIDENT AT THE UPPER SLOPE.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 499.]

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THE ELECTION LAW.

CONGRESS will undoubtedly pass a national election law like the one now pending. This ought not to be surprising, because the relief of the suppressed vote in certain districts has long been one of the most positive party policies of the majority. The fact of the suppression is not denied, but defended. The Governor of South Carolina said two years ago that "only a flimsy statute, the eight box law," stood between the white race in the State and black rule. The eight box law is a device to annul the colored vote by multiplying ballot-boxes, labelling them, and requiring the ballots to be placed in the proper box or thrown out of the count. As the colored voters are generally illiterate, and as they can be helped only by white Democrats, this scheme tends to prevent voting, and to throw out much of the vote cast. The suppression is not denied, and it affects almost exclusively the Republican vote. The Constitution authorizes the regulation by Congress of the times, places, and manner of electing Representatives, and Congress is now controlled by a Republican majority. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that an election bill is proposed.

Speaker REED, in discussing the question, says that the general objection to colored voting that it gives power to a barbarous majority does not apply to national elections, because there is no possibility that negroes should acquire control of Congress. But this argument is irrelevant upon his postulate that the suppression of the colored vote is an intolerable injustice. This implies that, however barbarous it may be, its suppression is not to be tolerated. This, and not the fact that it would not acquire control, is the real argument. The Speaker would hardly offer as a reason for not suppressing a particular lawful vote in Maine that it was not large enough, if cast, to carry the State, because such an argument would imply that if it were large enough it might be suppressed. The only valid reason that could be urged for the proposed law is that it would relieve a suppressed lawful vote, not that the vote, if relieved, would be inconsiderable. If Mr. REED'S implied concession that locally there may be some excuse for the suppression of the colored vote should be accepted, the national constituency might very logically object to the injection of a barbarous element (as the argument claims it to be) into the national council.

The real argument for the bill is not Mr. REED'S. The real argument for any such bill is that there is an acknowledged suppression of a lawful vote for which local law and feeling supply no remedy, that Congress has power to provide a remedy, and that the proposed law will be effective. The last is the chief consideration for Congress. If circumstances, experience, and general knowledge of the situation authorize the belief that the method proposed instead of relieving the situation will make it worse, it would be extremely unwise legislation. Statesmanship consists largely in adapting means to ends, and in the comprehensive and sympathetic knowledge of the circumstances to which laws are to apply. The Republican party is entitled undoubtedly to all its honest votes. Despite "blocks of five" and "soap," it is no more inclined to dishonest voting than Tammany and the Democratic machine. But we have not yet seen the Republican argument which demonstrates that in the present condition of local feeling regarding the colored vote the proposed law will in the slightest degree affect the situation from which the suppression of the vote springs or relieve the vote. Until that is done the proposed election bill is neither wise nor patriotic legislation.

THE CHANCE FOR THE CITY.

IN reply to a question whether he would approve a non-partisan ticket for city officers, Collector ERHARDT is reported to have said that he is a Republican, that he believes in Republicanism, that we want good Republicans nominated for office, and that he had "never been able to see any good come of coquetting." This was not a plain answer, but it shows a disposition, and it is to this precise disposition that the city of New York owes the disgrace of Tammany rule. For if honest citizens, who desire an honest care of the streets and lighting and sewers and all the public services for which a city government is instituted, would select the proper officers with no more regard to their politics than to their knowledge of Greek or music, New York would be a well-governed city. But so long as intelligent New-Yorkers permit their votes for such officers to be determined by a knot of politicians "on the make," they will confirm and perpetuate Tammany rule.

Year before last the nomination of Mr. ERHARDT for the Mayoralty could have, as it had, but one result, the election of the Tammany candidate. If Mr. ERHARDT had declined to accept on the distinct ground that the welfare of the city required the defeat of Tammany and the continuance of Mr. HEWITT in office, Tammany would have been unquestionably defeated. Mr. ERHARDT'S insistence upon the fact that he is a Republican, which is not questioned, is no more relevant to the question of the city government than the fact that he is Collector of Customs or an attendant upon a certain church. To say that his reiteration of the fact that he is a Republican means that he believes any Republican Mayor would be better than any Democratic Mayor is amusing, but not to the point; and to interpret his remark as meaning that in general it is better to have Republicans in office is futile, because if that were the accepted ground of municipal voting there could be no Republican Mayor. The city is overwhelmingly Democratic, and if the citizens are to vote for city officers as partisans, the Mayor will be always Democratic, or Republican only by a bargain.

The difficulty of escaping Tammany domination is shown not only in the reported remarks of Mr. ERHARDT, who is a good representative Republican, but by Democratic remarks. Ex-Secretary WHITNEY is a good representative Democrat. He is reported by cable from Paris to have said that Mr. STEINWAY, another Democrat of the same kind, would be a capital candidate for the Mayoralty. But Mr. STEINWAY declares himself to a reporter as thinking Mayor GRANT "a thoroughly satisfactory Mayor"—a remark that might have been made of DE WITT CLINTON or ABRAM HEWITT. Mr. STEINWAY finds nothing but an excellent joke in Mayor GRANT'S gift as godfather. Now if Mr. WHITNEY and Mr. STEINWAY, who are excellent citizens and reputable Democrats, and Mr. ERHARDT, who is a Republican of the same kind, hold these views, and so tend to prevent any other than merely partisan government of the city, it is encouraging to reflect that the new ballot law makes independent movements much more practicable and promising. In all political movements organization is indispensable for success, but much of the old labor and cost is saved by the provisions of the new law. The proposed union of citizens who are less anxious to be known as Republicans and Democrats than to secure honest and efficient administration of local affairs is not made too soon, and deserves the earnest support of the great body of intelligent New-Yorkers.

A CHARITY SERMON.

THE proposition to establish a co-operative charitable board among the various Episcopal churches in the city as an exchange to promote a general understanding and prevent the enormous waste of money, time, and energy which springs from the want of general understanding and organization, is a good but very imperfect scheme. There is a larger and better one of the same kind already in operation, and the local multiplication of such agencies is not desirable. The ingenious devices of professional pauperism keep pace with those of charity. Nothing, indeed, more nobly distinguishes the last quarter of a century than the immense quickening of the charitable impulse and the enormous annual gifts of private persons for charitable relief. But corresponding to this is the immense waste of this fund of benevolence and the development of the pauper class. Sentimentality greatly perverts and prostitutes the charitable impulse, and although scientific charity is derided as mechanical and heartless, it cannot be doubted that sentimental charity is a greater evil.

It is demonstrable that the larger part of the alms which are ignorantly given promotes drunkenness, poverty, and crime. It is very much easier to give a dime to a beggar in the street than it is to ascertain whether you ought to give it, and whether you are not doing evil instead of good. The duty of giving is not greater than the duty of giving intelligently. Indeed, alms-giving is not necessarily charity, and the Jack Horner emotion of giving a dime, which is immediately changed into a dram, is a ludicrous but very mischievous conceit. But even the highly organized and carefully administered charities of church societies are outwitted by clever professional paupers. There are multitudes of these last who enjoy a regular stipend from several societies, and in this and other ways in which relief is reduplicated the aggregate waste of relief is enormous. As every denomination maintains its own system of charitable relief, each overlapping the other, and all combining not only in a general waste, but in confirmation and extension of every kind of ingenious pauper swindling, the obvious course is a general organization of the work of all such societies to secure the utmost honesty, thrift, and efficiency in charitable relief.

This, as we understand, is the purpose of the Charity Organization Society, which has been established for some years, and with the best results. One of its great virtues is its total freedom from sectarian character or control. It welcomes every denomination by making no denominational distinctions, and it offers to every church, as to every individual, the opportunity of making charity as effective as it is economical. This is the only way to prevent the confusion and waste and mischief of independent sectarian action in such a community as this city. While each denomination maintains the exclusive and even jealous administration of its charities there will be a vast multitude of recipients who live upon the aggregate alms of many churches. But if the ample charitable resources and energy and intelligence of all the churches were combined and organized in a single agency thoroughly manned and equipped, not for sectarian proselyting, but for charitable aid, the present charitable fund of the city, without the addition of a dollar, would be practically doubled, and the moral and social and humane results would be incalculably increased. Something of this may be achieved by the union of the different societies of one denomination. But it would be accomplished very much more completely and satisfactorily by the union of all the societies of all denominations in such an agency as the existing Charity Organization Society.

THE TEMPERANCE CONGRESS.

THE late meeting of the National Temperance Congress was a scene of most intemperate rhetoric, and could have been of no service to any good cause. The better method of dealing with the question of drunkenness or the sale of ardent spirits as beverages is a very difficult one, upon which public opinion will not be hectored or bullied. This important fact was wholly forgotten at the late congress, and Mr. **Robert Graham**, the temperance leader, concludes a published letter, in which he comments upon the conduct of the congress, by tendering his profound apologies to the dozen gentlemen whom he induced to take part in it. One of the orators professed a strong desire "to spit on the Constitution and step on it." There is no law to prevent him. He might even have exposed the venerable instrument to those indignities upon the spot and in the applauding presence of the congress, and the police would not have interfered. But how the good cause of temperance was to gain from such proceedings the perfervid speaker forbore to disclose.

Other brethren professed their willingness to do more than to spit and stamp on the Constitution. They were ready to shoulder their muskets and march upon the foe. Whether the foe was the dramseller or the moderate drinker or the friend of high license did not plainly appear. Perhaps it was not important, as the shouldering and marching did not take place. But it is a misfortune for the honest friends of prohibition that they should be so misrepresented. If this congress were to be taken as an indication of the intelligence and common-sense that are to be expected in a third party which is to abandon all other questions in order to secure prohibition, its prospects would be for the present hopelessly damaged. The parallel which is constantly drawn between the extravagances of the earlier anti-slavery crusade and the prohibition movement does not hold. In the temperance cause the real question is wholly one of method. How shall the admitted evils of drunkenness be best restrained? There was no question that emancipation would put an end to slavery. But there is very general doubt whether prohibition does prevent drunkenness, even in the States where it prevails.

Moreover, it is not admitted that the use of all fermented or distilled liquors as a beverage is a *malum in se*. The real advance of temperance has been in self-restraint, and this is still its strongest stay. A prohibition law is useful only when it is the expression of a general conviction, and even then it does not result in total abstinence. The mischief done by confounding temperance and total abstinence is very great; and to repel every friend of a stringent license as rather worse than a dramseller is as ludicrous as to brand a coffee-drinker as a devotee of poison. When Mr. **Fulton Cutting**, at the Temperance Congress, said that there were some saloons that he would not close until their frequenters had been provided with better places to live in, he said what might well have caused the spitters on the Constitution to pause, except that they are quite beyond reason. Mr. **Cutting** in effect reminded the congress that there were evils which produced much of the evil that the congress sought to remedy, and that the sources of the power of the saloon deserved the most thoughtful attention. The fact to which **Walter Besant**'s novel calls attention, that there are great multitudes peculiarly susceptible to recreation for whom no recreation is provided, is one which greatly illuminates the whole temperance discussion. Before proceeding to spit and stamp on the Constitution, let us try to ascertain why; and before we aim and fire, let us determine at what.

THE MUSIC OF THE WALTZ.

The opening of the Madison Square Garden was an event of interest, but it was disagreeable to discover that, like the new Lenox Lyceum, the hall seemed not to be acoustically satisfactory. The scene was brilliant, and as a resort for summer evenings, as well as for the evenings of other seasons, it will be undoubtedly very popular. The occasion was interesting also as introducing the **Strauss** orchestra to New York. But it was found that the force of the orchestra was unequal to the size of the hall.

That it is an admirably drilled body of musicians for its peculiar work there is no doubt. The father of Mr. **Strauss** was the father of the modern waltz, and this band preserves all the traditions of the music to which fifty years ago the gayest circles of Europe and America glided and swayed with delight. The waltz music has a singular charm. It is to be enjoyed not by comparison, but for itself, for its own suggestions and associations. Our recent musical taste in the city has been trained in a somewhat different school, and we are doubtless disposed to greet the **Strauss** measures as Berlin greeted **Flotow**'s—*"Ach Himmel! Tanzmusik!"*

But it is precisely for the enjoyment of such music that the **Strauss** orchestra should be heard. The sentiment and romance of the waltz music are expressed most fully and sympathetically by **De Quincey**, whose glowing words can be now tested by listening to the most famous waltz orchestra in the world.

> "And in itself, of all the scenes which this world offers, none is to me so profoundly interesting, none (I say deliberately) so affecting, as the spectacle of men and women floating in the mazes of the dance; under these conditions, however, that the music shall be rich and festal, the execution of the dancers perfect, and the dance itself of a character to admit of free, fluent, and continuous motion. And whenever the music happens not to be of a light, trivial character, but charged with the spirit of festal pleasure, and the performers in the dance so far skillful as to betray no awkwardness verging on the ludicrous, I believe that many persons feel as I feel in such circumstances, viz., derive from the spectacle the very grandest form of passionate sadness which can belong to any spectacle whatsoever.
>
> "From all which the reader may comprehend, if he should not happen experimentally to have felt, that a spectacle of young men and women flowing through the mazes of an intricate dance, under a full volume of music, taken with all the circumstantial adjuncts of such a scene in rich men's halls, the blaze of lights and jewels, the light, the motion, the sea-like undulations of heads, the interweaving of the figures, the anakuklosis of self-revolving, both of the dance and the music, never ending, still beginning, and the continual regeneration of order from a system of motions which seem forever to approach the very brink of confusion—that such a spectacle, with such circumstances, may happen to be capable of exciting and sustaining the very grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human spirit is open. The reason is, in part, that such a scene presents a sort of mask of human life, with its whole equipage of pomps and glories, its luxuries of sight and sound, its hours of golden youth, and the interminable revolution of ages hurrying after ages, and one generation treading over the flying footsteps of another, whilst all the while the overruling music attempers the mind to the spectacle, the subject (as the Germans would say) to the object, the beholder to the vision. And although this is known to be but one phase of life—of life culminating and in ascent—yet the other and repulsive phasis is concealed upon the hidden or averted side of the golden arras, known but not felt, or is seen but dimly in the rear crowding into indistinct proportions. The effect of the music is to place the mind in a state of elective attraction for everything in harmony with its own prevailing key."

A LESSON FOR THE DAY.

At the late meeting of the Army and Navy Club of Connecticut President **Andrews**, of Brown University, who enlisted for the war for the Union when he was seventeen years old, and served gallantly for three and a half years, losing an eye and being otherwise wounded, made a speech—strong, manly, and trenchant—which was received with enthusiasm, and may be taken as the voice of what General **Horatio King**, in his brilliant speech that followed, called the American volunteer.

The men who "morally went to pieces" in the war, President **Andrews** says, would have gone to pieces at home. There were rakes and shysters who followed the flag, but for every one of them, said the speaker, I can show you a whole company of brave, industrious, devoted citizens. There could be no nobler service than that they rendered, nor any more nobly performed. But there is a tendency, he thought, to degrade the character of such soldiers, who were the types of the true Union soldier, by identifying patriotism with pauperism. Pension amply the soldier who suffered, but let us who were soldiers not clamor for national aid "simply because we bravely did our duty by our native land in the days of its awful trial."

That is the spirit of the American soldier, and President **Andrews**'s words were received with great applause, and he was immediately unanimously elected a member of the club. That is the spirit of which Congress should take counsel in its pension legislation, and not of the claim agent. In the war, said President **Andrews**, brave men and patriots served equally whether they went to the front or staid at home to sustain the soldiers. "It is as unfair now to tax them [who worked at home] to support us as it would be to burden us for them." Such words from such a man have profound meaning.

THE TAX ON WORKS OF ART.

Mr. **Whitelaw Reid** lately had occasion to say in Paris, and his remark was received with hearty cheers, that the new American tariff, as drawn, repealed the duty on works of art. He spoke as Minister of the United States, and his words had especial weight. But Mr. **Reid** and his audience on that day must be greatly surprised and pained to hear the report that the Committee of the Senate has restored the tax. No one is known to have asked for the restoration, and no reason is alleged for it. It is to be hoped that the bill will be again purged of the tax before it is considered in the Senate, certainly before it is passed.

The chief Republican papers have commended most warmly the repeal of a duty which protected nothing, but injured one of the most elevating and delightful of pursuits. Works of the fine arts—beautiful pictures, noble statues—are not manufactures. To levy upon the "Angelus" a tax of thirty thousand dollars for its entry into the country as a permanent elevating influence upon the public taste would not tend to increase the native production of such pictures; on the contrary, it would tend only to diminish the faculty of producing, as well as the opportunity of enjoying them.

We are the only nation which opposes the entrance within its borders of the beautiful and refining influences of works of genius in the arts, apparently under the delusion that if we exclude **Raphael**'s "Transfiguration" we shall develop **Raphaels** among ourselves, not yet seeing that it is **Raphael** which stimulates **Raphaels**. Should the tax be restored, it is hardly possible that Senators like Mr. **Hoar**, Mr. **Evarts**, Mr **Hawley**, or Mr. **Edmunds** would acquiesce in so essentially barbarous a provision.

THE SILVER CYCLONE.

The silver cyclone which swept the Senate, even should it prostrate the House, will be undoubtedly withstood by the Executive veto. Meanwhile it suggests many important inquiries. The bill was carried by a combination of fifteen Republican Senators with the Democrats. Are these fifteen to be excommunicated by the party authorities, like Messrs. **Fish** and **Gibbs** in New York? Their offence is precisely the same: a union with Democrats to baffle the party majority.

In Senator **Wolcott**'s speech against the administration and policy of his party, the Senator said that the silver bill was of far greater importance than the election bill, the anti-gerrymandering bill, or the tariff bill. In other words, it is the chief question now before the country. If this be so, upon a sound theory of party, its advocates are members of the same party. Thirty years ago, when the extension of slavery was the great issue, the opponents of such extension were Republicans, and not Democrats, although they might have favored a revenue tariff. If Senator **Wolcott**'s view of the political situation be correct, he belongs to the party of Messrs. **Vest**, **Butler**, and **Voorhees**. Upon his own statement, he is such a Republican to-day as **Robert Toombs** was in 1860.

At the close of the debate in the Senate, Mr. **Edmunds** again showed his character as a sound, self-possessed, thoroughly informed, and admirably equipped debater. He could not arrest the madness, but he exposed it completely, and coolly confounded the Democrats by pointing out the fact that President **Cleveland** had in nothing more commended himself to the patriotic intelligence of the country than in refusing to countenance just such a perilous scheme as the free silver bill. It is to be remembered that the whole influential weight of the Republican party in the Senate opposed the bill. Its passage by Republican votes, therefore, is a striking illustration of the situation, while the strong Democratic support goes very far to revive the profound distrust of that party.

PERSONAL.

The only Harvard College prize open to competition from both men and women is the **Sargent** prize of $100 for the best metrical translation of some assigned ode of Horace, and a young woman has captured it this year with the same assurance that characterized the recent prize-winning of her sex at Cambridge University in England. The Harvard young woman, an "Annex girl," is Miss **Helen Leah Reed**. She comes from a family of literary tastes, has already done meritorious work in this direction, and hopes to make writing her profession. Although a native of New Brunswick, she has spent much of her life in or near Boston.

—Boston is raising the funds for a memorial hall in honor of **Wendell Phillips**, and a number of leading lecturers have volunteered their services in behalf of the scheme. It is proposed to give the structure many of the features of Cooper Institute, and make it representative of a period, very much as Pilgrim Hall stands for early New England, and Faneuil Hall for the Revolutionary era. Large contributions of money and books have already been received from different parts of New England, as well as from Bostonians.

—Rev. **Peter Havermans**, pastor of St. Mary's Church, at Troy, New York, has been longer a priest than any other Catholic clergyman in this country. He was ordained over sixty years ago.

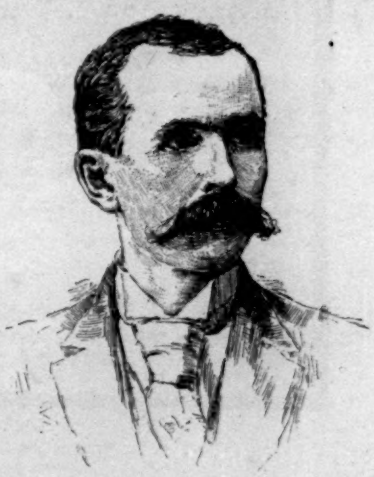
—Mrs. **Harriet Beecher Stowe** at seventy-eight years is in the same feeble state of mind and body that she has been for two years past. She spends much of her time in the open air, and is carefully watched over by her daughters at her Hartford home.

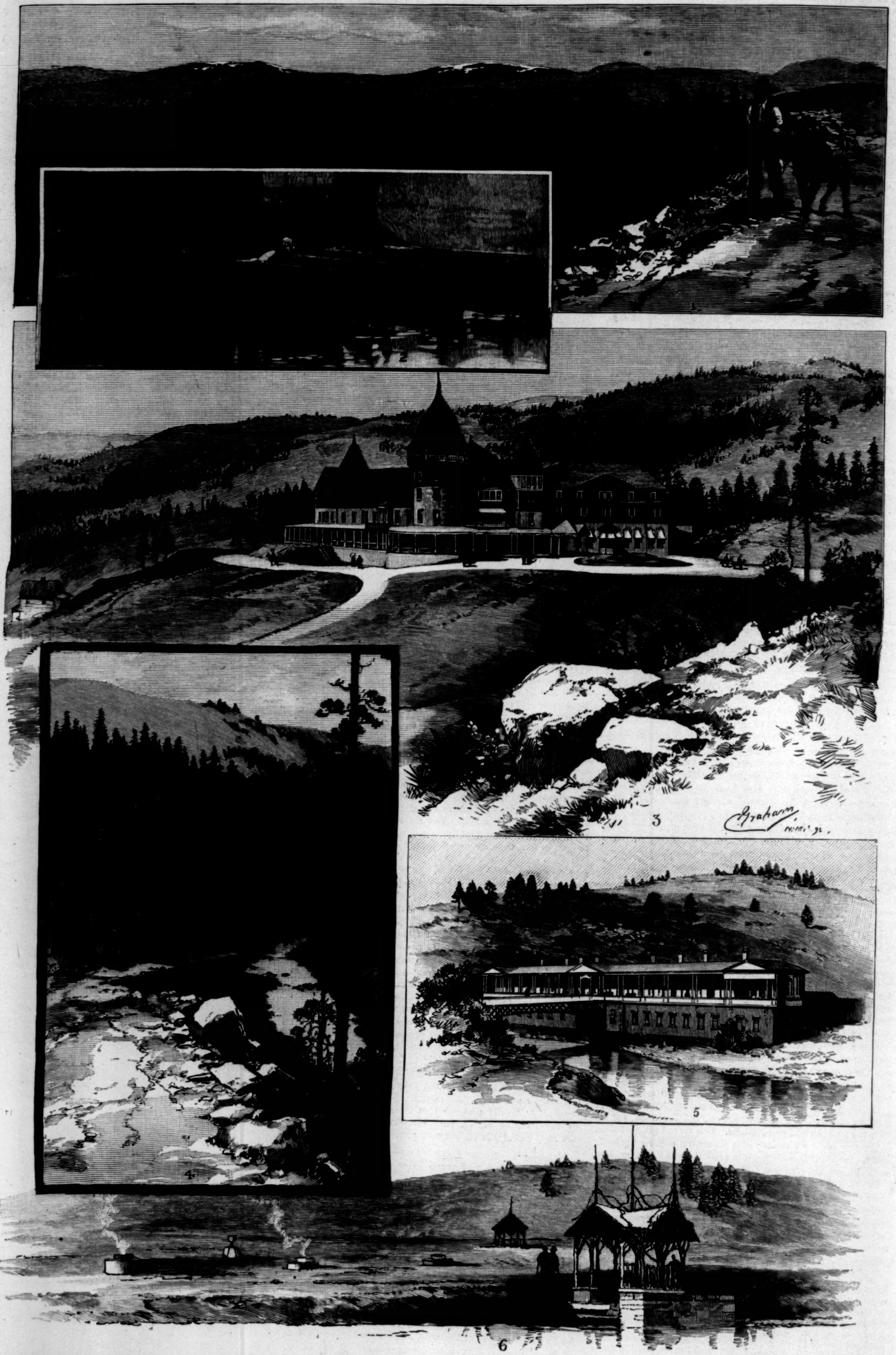
—**Henry M. Stanley**, although he has long considered himself a citizen of the United States, was not naturalized till May 15, 1885. He was about to start for Africa, and came from London to New York especially for this purpose.

—The late Princess of Thurm-and-Taxis, a sister of the Empress of Austria, was once engaged to Emperor **Francis Joseph** herself, but he jilted her to marry her sixteen-year-old sister. The Princess was a few years ago the most handsome and intellectual woman in Europe.

—Following in the footsteps of Miss **Fawcett**, who won such distinction in the mathematical examinations of Cambridge University, Miss **Margaret Alford** has taken first place in the classical tripos. She is a niece of Dean **Alford**, the English poet and divine, who is best known by his edition of the Greek Testament. Miss **Alford**'s father—a distinguished preacher and fine classical scholar—has been his daughter's principal instructor.

—Mr. **Partridge**, the new Solicitor of the Department of State, and successor to the late **Walker Blaine**, was born in East Middlebury, Vermont. He was graduated from Amherst College at the head of the class of 1882. In 1884 he took the degree of LL.B. at the Columbia College Law School. The following year he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of Vermont, standing the highest in his examination of all the applicants. From 1885 to 1888 Mr. **Partridge** was the attorney and financial manager of the Vermont Marble Company. Having somewhat impaired his health by overwork in this very responsible position, he spent several months in European travel early in 1889. On his return home about a year ago he accepted a temporary appointment as private secretary to Secretary **Proctor**. Until the passage of the recent act creating the office of Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. **Partridge** performed duties which ordinarily devolve upon an assistant secretary. When the filling of the new office was under consideration, Mr. **Partridge**'s ability had become so well known that his name was prominently mentioned, although he had then been in the War Department but a few months.



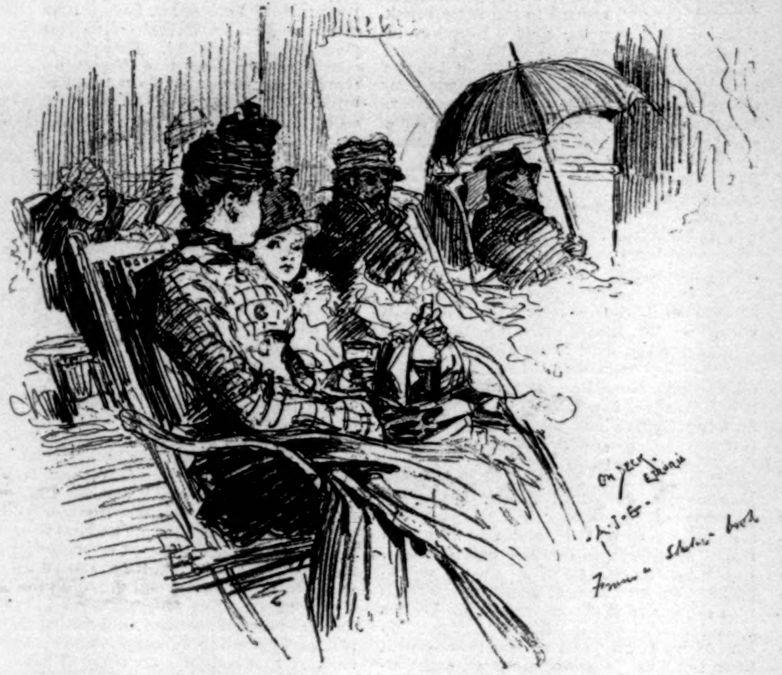


LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS, NEW MEXICO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 499.]

1. Mountain View near the Springs. 2. Taking a Mud Bath. 3. The Montezuma. 4. View in the Cañon. 5. The Bath-houses. 6. The Hot Springs.

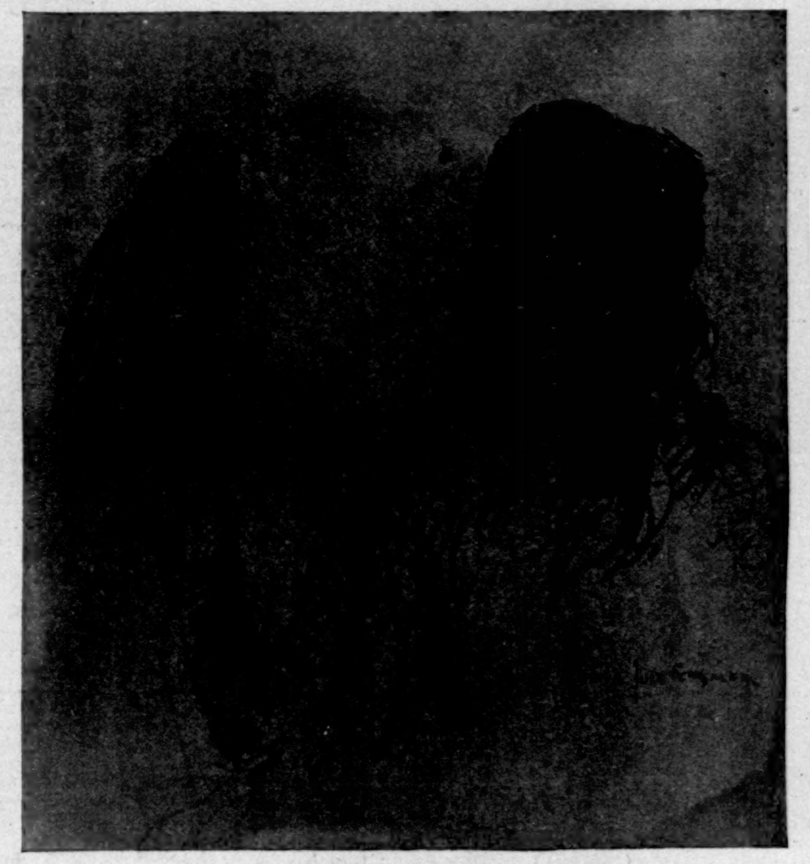
SCENES IN THE STEERAGE.

THE steerage from Liverpool to New York is one thing; the steerage from New York to Liverpool another. It is on the first-named voyage that one sees the wretched creatures huddling in groups like animals, shivering in abject terror at the motion of the water, croaking hoarsely in the obscure patois of remote European villages, and mumbling prayers at impromptu shrines. But after a few years in America a great change takes place. The men and women—Irish, Scandinavian, Hungarian, Italian, or what not—are no longer slaves to their own ignorance, poverty, and superstition. The women, most of them, have been living out at service, and feel themselves as good as their mistresses, if not better. The men have become American voters, and, as such, the superiors of any; that is to say that each one has probably voted oftener and more effectually than any native-born American of the same age. They own houses and land, and have drawn a little from their balances at the banker's to come over and dazzle the old folks at home. It is not from necessity they travel in the steerage, but because there they can feel at home and smoke their pipes at ease.



ON DECK.

Some of the groups seen from the upper deck in daylight have individual character. There is a young fellow with his bride; they are on their wedding tour; in sickness or in health he holds her rough red hand in his, and she clings with equal affection to his horny palm. An alderman, or a cousin of one, is there, accompanied by his slatternly wife and seven small, shrill children. The wife wears showy jewelry, and is too proud to comb her hair. The unkempt children, supposed to be infant Pattis and Tamagnos, pass incredible hours shrieking such songs as "Home, Sweet Home" and "Where did you get that Hat?" They sing from one side of the mouth only, after the manner of Ned Harrigan.



TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

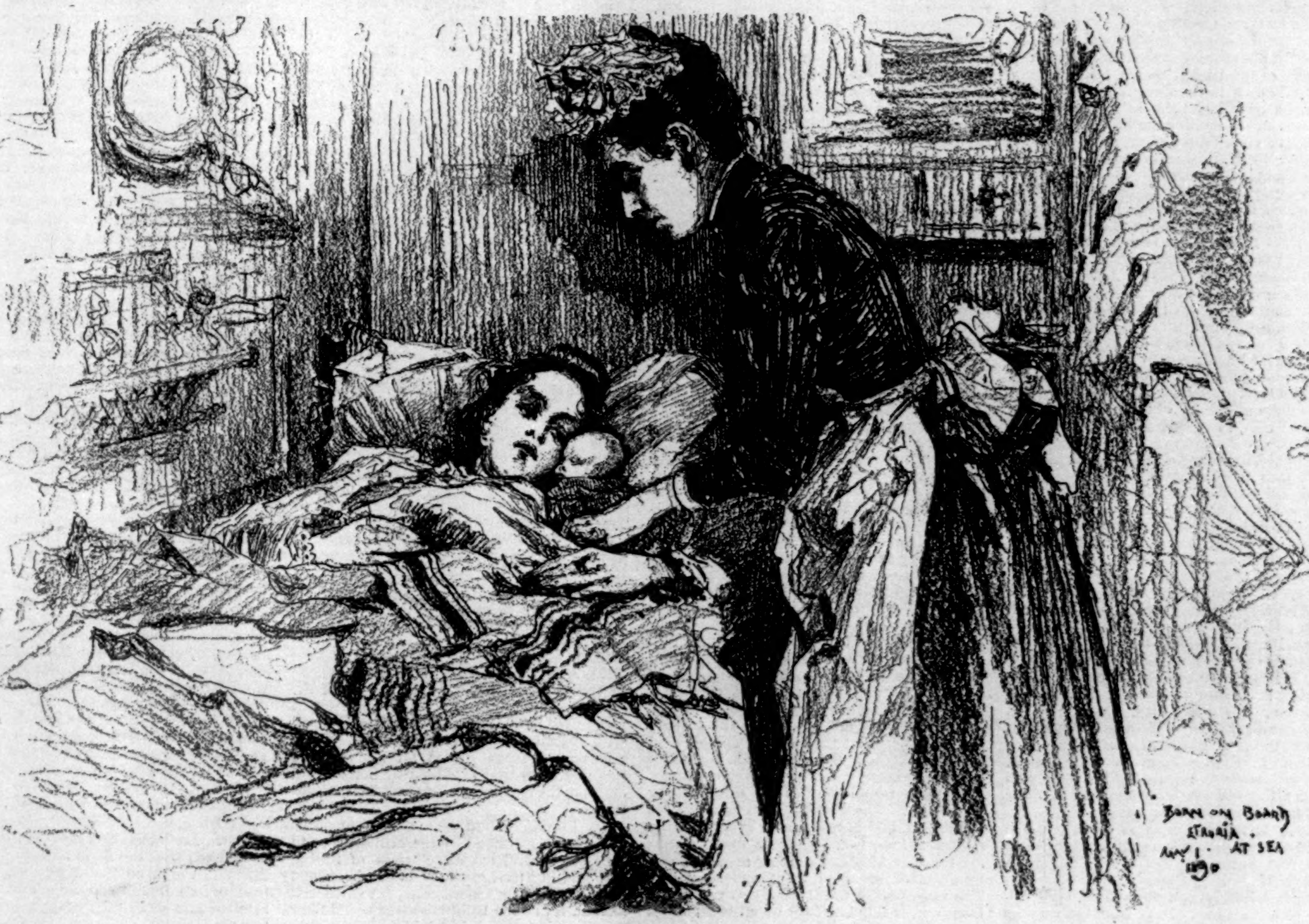
The chamber-maid from Fifth Avenue and the laundry-maid from Gramercy Park chaff the butler from Madison Avenue and the coachman from Washington Square with a fluency peculiar to high life below stairs. Here they discuss domestic secrets, and when they feel merry and the weather is fine, give capital imitations of their employers.

A discipline almost military prevails on board the most careful of the Atlantic steam-ships—a discipline absolutely military, so far as the steerage is concerned. The steerage can never be romantic save in the dark. Perhaps the only scene of any poetic interest is the one to be observed when at nine o'clock in the evening comes the order, "All women below." The half-veiled moon sheds a pleasant darkness, which is shivered and rent in places by the ship's electric lights. An officer peremptorily enforces the order, and, willy-nilly, the women form in line and disappear down the steep gangway that leads to their quarters. Some of the men remain indifferent, but most of them hang about bidding sweethearts, wives, or little ones "Good-night." Sometimes they take up the refrain of the old song, "Good-night, Ladies," with the last words lost in the swish of the waves as the doors of the hatchway close on the last straggling female form.

Sometimes on board an Atlantic steamer an incident occurs which causes human sympathy to bridge for an instant the gulf between the first cabin and the steerage. As when, for instance, on the first day of May a young married woman in the steerage became the mother of a tiny girl, and in mid-ocean the passenger total was suddenly increased by one.

Great was the excitement among the children in the first cabin when they heard there was a new baby in the steerage.

"It's such a long way for an angel to fly without resting," explained Phyllis, aged six, to Lillian, aged four, "that they don't often bring them to ships. But I s'pose he just felt



IN THE HOSPITAL

SKETCHES ON A CUNARDER, EASTWARD BOUND.—DRAWN BY ARTHUR J. GOODMAN.

like coming, it was such a lovely moonlight night."

"I wish the angel had brung it to me," whimpered Lillian. "I heard the doctor tell mamma that the mother who got it was only a little girl."

"Don't cry, Lillian," says Phyllis. "You know Polly, our stewardess? Well, she says it's awful pink, and they're going to call it Mayflower. Isn't that nice?"

"Oh, my!" says Lillian. "Let's get a lot of presents, and go ask the governess if she won't borrow it and let us baptize it."

The baptism is postponed, but presents arrive, and from all quarters. Flannels, wine, bonbons, and toys find the mother and child in the steerage hospital. The toys are perhaps a little premature for a miss just three days old. But the children who send them refuse to be denied the pleasure of giving, and the prudent grandmother carefully puts them away against the time when they will be needed.

The hospital nurse, a comely young woman in a neat black dress, crisp apron, and dainty lace cap, holds the little mite on the pillow by the proud young mother while the ship rolls and tosses, and the artist, braced against the doorway, sketches the sympathetic little group for HARPER'S WEEKLY. The hospital is neat and ship-shape, but very small. While the artist sketches, the happy father and doting grandmother stand outside, and vainly try to moderate their delighted smiles. They are all going to visit the old home in Scotland, and the grandmother explains that although little Mayflower "is a wee bit bairnie noo, she'll aye be bigger coomin' back."

MINNIE BUCHANAN GOODMAN.

AMERICAN SPORTING CLUBS IN CANADA.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

THE industrial territory of Canada belongs to England; a great portion of the hunting and fishing territory belongs to the United States. New Brunswick and Quebec are for sportsmen the banner provinces. The great St. John River, winding from the sea through the heart of the province, and projecting its streams into Maine, affords almost every kind of exercise for rod and gun together, with scenery alternating from the wildly picturesque to the delicately beautiful. The Miramichi, a great inland sea at its mouth, and bordered along its upper branches with hill, valley, and primeval wood, has been the cradle and the haunt of the finest and most gamy salmon for ages. Then there is the Restigouche, stretching in from the sea in wide, blue, shining coils for hundreds of miles, and sending its feeding streams into regions in Quebec where the sound of the woodman's axe has never been heard. Along these great rivers numerous preserves of well-stocked land and teeming pools are set apart, and by far the greater number and the most important ones belong to sportsmen from every part of the United States. These facts are not known to the Canadian people, nor is there a record of them in the provincial Crown Land offices, for the leases are given and the revenue drawn merely for the sake of adding to the income of the Crown Land Department. They are sore pressed in some of these provinces, notably in Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, to make up an income equal to expenditure, and for this reason the lands of the crown have almost entirely passed into other hands. The disposal of the public lands to American citizens is a subject that the Crown Land offices do not care to discuss; if it comes up in the Legislature, they say that they have no official statistics, and this ends the matter. Moreover, several members not belonging to the government join with other persons in acquiring a tract of sporting territory, disposing of the same afterward, at three or four times the first cost, to Americans of wealth and leisure.

Pre-eminent among all these clubs in Canada stands the Restigouche Salmon Club. Nearly all its members are Americans, and include Henry W. De Forest, secretary, William K. Vanderbilt, Franklin E. Taylor, Philip Schuyler, Goold H. Redmond, Henry T. Sloane, William H. Scott, Stanford White, Arthur D. Weekes, William E. Dodge, Nathaniel K. Fairbank, Robert G. Dun, S. Weir Mitchell, Rev. William S. Rainsford, G. Von L. Meyer, Robert Goelet, Henry B. Hollins, Gilbert E. Jones, Francis L. Higginson, A. Lawrence Mason, John S. Kennedy, William Hall Penfold, James C. McAndrew, Samuel Thorne, Charles P. Horton, James J. Hill, Frank Thomson, J. Hart Welch, Frederic S. G. D'Hauteville, Frederick L. Ames, Bayard M. Brown, Heber R. Bishop, Julius Catlin, Jun., William L. Beese, John L. Cadwallader, Francis Bartlett, William P. Clyde, and Charles Carroll. A large number of these gentlemen are New-Yorkers.

There is not probably anywhere in the world a more picturesque range of territory than that owned by this club. The great river itself, as it progresses toward the sea, becomes leisurely and smooth, and its volume of water is very large from the streams that it receives in its course. The view from the site of the club-house is grand and beautiful, the Restigouche on the one hand treading its shining course through the hills beyond the reach of glass; the Matapediac winding down from its own territory and discharging its water into the main river within gunshot of the home of the clubmen. High cool hills, crowned with fir and pine, birch and maple, rise on either side of the valley, and stretch upward along the shining rivers till lost in soft blue haze. On the hottest day in summer there is a breeze stirring through the valley, and it is always delightful on the hills. You may drink the clear river-water, for it has come from unpolluted regions, through wholesome forests, and over clean rocks and gravel beds.

The railroad station is near at hand, but there are only a few inhabitants. The cluster of buildings belonging to the club-house affords plenty of room for club members and their families, and the household conveniences and table luxuries are almost equal to those in the city. Some clubmen reach the ground early in June. Dr. Rainsford likes to claim the earliest trophies, and he is already encountering his successes. The extent of territory under lease by the club is enormous, and its riparian property along the main river is very valuable. As the question of riparian rights has so long disturbed Canadian settlers who live along the rivers, I may explain that the courts have decided that any person owning a *ripa*, or bank, fronting a river has the right to take fish in the water fronting his property. Murders have been committed in these wildernesses over the question before it was settled. The Restigouche Salmon Club therefore bought the land property along the best fishing parts of the Restigouche, and put the question of their exclusive right to fish beyond dispute. In addition to the Restigouche "privilege," the club holds, under lease, almost all the government lands from the Matapediac to Tracey's Brook on the New Brunswick side, a distance of about fifty miles, and it is also the lessee of the Quatawamkedgwick and Patapedia rivers, both tributaries of the Restigouche. But they do not fish the latter two streams, merely holding them in guardianship, as they are favorite spawning resorts of the Restigouche salmon. The club owns three or four fine lodges, situated in different parts of their territory, now visiting one and now another, according to the condition of fishing in the district.

The men and women usually wear strong light-colored clothing. Some of the ladies are as expert with the rod as the men, but many of them call for assistance before the fish is landed. The thirty-pound salmon does not surrender without a brave struggle, and frequently takes his captor far up or down the river. Many of the men prefer wading, though others, and all the ladies, fish from canoes and other river boats, or from the bank. There are almost as many grilse—the grilse being a year short of salmonhood—in the Restigouche waters each season as full-grown fish.

The chief flies used are the jock scott, silver doctor, black doe, dusty miller, and dark and orange fairies. The abiding-places of the salmon are the quiet dark pools to be found along every river, and in one of these you will often see as many as a dozen grilse and salmon. When spawning time comes the old fish move out on the shallow gravelly beds, where they burrow and rub till a hole is made large enough to receive the eggs. Here the ova remain till the following spring, when the little salmon come forth. There is not much poaching on these waters, probably because the club spends about $4000 a year for protection. The largest yield on the main river and its streams for a season was 801 fish, aggregating 14,283 pounds, or an average of about eighteen pounds for a fish. A great many salmon taken there range from thirty to thirty-five pounds. As there is plenty of ice to be had, these fish are carefully packed in refrigerators and sent to the homes of the club people.

When fishing becomes monotonous for the ladies, they take their cameras or sketch-books to the more picturesque places. Sometimes they play tennis, amuse themselves with bow and arrow, or go on botanical excursions. On wet days all remain in-doors, reading and playing different games, or the ladies are busy with their needles. The flies are numerous and bloodthirsty, but a netted head-protector is worn, and very broad-brimmed hats are used for the sun. When the scenery at one place begins to pall, they break up residence, take tents, and go off in their canoes to some spot with fresh charms. Thus is the season spent in one round of exhilarating and delightful change. Every one gets weighed before starting for the fishing-grounds, and weighs again on the return. And what a difference! Several members of this fine club are already on the ground.

Sometimes a piece of wilderness is leased by the Crown Land Office and the officials do not know what the territory contains. I am sure this was the case when Mr. Emile Hurtzig became lessee of the Renous River. This place would gladden the heart of any sportsman. The Renous is a branch of the Miramichi, and is resorted to every year by myriads of sea trout, while its upper waters are the spawning and abiding places of vast numbers of speckled trout and sea trout. The main part of the Renous is twenty miles long, and is inhabited for about eight miles up from the mouth. There are two branches, one running north, and the other south, each about thirty miles long. The lease includes all the lakes and ponds discharging water into the river and its branches, and the land lying between. Mr. Hurtzig informs me that there are no fewer than twenty good-sized lakes in the territory, all swarming with fish. Only a few of the lakes appear on the government map. The scenery is bold and fine, and the forests in a great many parts of it are in a primitive state. Bears roam through the woods, and the fisherman often sees moose and caribou dash into the water to escape the heat and the flies. The head-quarters are but thirty hours by rail from New York city. Several gentlemen have the use of the grounds, among them being John M. Johnson, of Norwich, Connecticut; Archibald Mitchell, of the same place; Clarence M. Rolf and F. D. Storey, of New York. It is a curious fact that the sea trout, like the salmon, after its long wanderings through the sea, returns to the same brook where it first saw the light. It leaves its cradle waters when a mere baby fish, and wanders hundreds and hundreds of leagues about the sea, but nearly always, with unerring instinct, returns to its native river. Wardens and trained fishermen often see a silver-trout or a grilse, which has mistaken its way, getting into the wrong stream. It swims back and forth in a bewildered way, and after having satisfied itself that this is not its brook, it turns and swiftly makes its way to the coast again, and once more begins to explore. Mr. Hurtzig's river is also a very fine salmon resort.

A very attractive stream, which is well stocked with salmon, is the Upsalquitch, a branch of the Restigouche, which river it enters from the New Brunswick side, about six miles above the Matapediac. Ezra Fitch, of Waltham, Massachusetts, is the lessee, and it is frequented in summer by several American fishermen. The surroundings are picturesque, and the water clear, cool, and rapid; but there are many fine pools.

At the mouth of the Upsalquitch is Camp Harmony, a delightful fishing lodge, the property of Dean Sage, of Albany. The salmon run early here, and the fishermen reach the ground in the first part of June. Captain Sweeney, also of Albany, is the riparian owner of several good salmon pools near the mouth of the same stream. He has a comfortable lodge, to which he brings members of his family, and several friends with their families. Canoes, pirogues, and batteaux are used on the river. There is charming scenery for ladies who are expert with the pencil.

Below Captain Sweeney, on the Restigouche, are two fine privileges—one, on the New Brunswick side, held by William H. Sage, of Ithaca, New York; the other, on the Quebec side, being under lease to W. Forest, the actor. The lessees visit these preserves each year, in company with many friends, and several ladies are to be seen in the canoes, rod in hand. Then, a short way up the Upsalquitch, on the New Brunswick side, are the fishing places of Mr. Clyde, of 35 Broadway, New York city, and Messrs. Olcote and Lansing, both of Albany. They own a beautiful lodge with picturesque surroundings. There are several pools in which there are always abundance of grilse and salmon. On the Quebec side of the river is the pretty cottage, waters, hills, and valleys leased by Mr. McAndrews, of New York. This lodge and its surroundings form a wild lyric. In the background is a high, steep hill, green the year round; great bowlders have fallen from its side, and gleam among the trees that shade the building. Near by come roaring down the cool waters of Toad Brook. Mr. McAndrews's family and several friends occupy the lodge nearly every summer, and a fleet of Micmac canoes dart hither and thither, with two fisher-folk in each. Along the beach are to be seen several birch-bark camps, but they are screened from the sun by trees. Mr. C. Fearing and some other New York gentlemen own some populous pools on Brandy Brook, about four miles further up. There is a handsome lodge in the heart of the fishing-grounds, and the sport is excellent.

Archibald Rogers, of Crumwold Hall, Hyde Park, on the Hudson, has several large shady pools, by riparian proprietorship, just below the wild and picturesque Kedgewick, and is lessee of the ten-mile stretch extending from the latter stream to Tracey's Brook, all being very good salmon water. The scenery is bold and diversified, and the water clear. About four miles above the mouth of the Nepisiquit is an inviting lodge, owned by Ivers W. Adams, of Boston. The pools are the best known on the river, and the fisherman never comes away from them empty-handed. Mr. Ivers usually fishes with Mr. Sampson, of New York, and other friends have the privilege of the waters. But C. B. Burnham, of St. Louis, is the lessee of all the government waters on this river, and he has associated with him several American fishermen. These preserves comprise about all the sporting territory, save that occupied by a few local clubs, in the northwestern part of New Brunswick.

On to the eastern side of the province is the region drained by the Miramichi, and here are several extensive tracts of fishing and hunting territory held under lease and riparian right by Americans. It will be well advanced in June before fishermen and their families go to the Miramichi waters, as neither salmon nor sea trout, as a rule, ascend this river quite so early as they do some others. It is interesting to note that a salmon will not ascend a river except when the water is rising, that is, during and immediately after heavy rainfalls. I suppose this is due to their horror of being left without swimming room over some of the bars and shallows along the river.

Near about Clearwater, on the Southwest Branch, are grouped the properties of several American associations. The place is wild and uninhabited, but the opportunities for fishing are among the best in the province. Mr. A. H. Woods, of Boston, and Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the actor, own a handsome club-house a little above Clearwater, and in the midst of several fine pools. A short distance further up is the fishing stretch owned by Mr. Robinson, his head-quarters being known as Burnt Hill; while further up still is the well-known stretch of river held by H. Sage, of Ithaca, New York. Mr. Sage's four miles of river embraces several of the best-fished pools on the Miramichi. There is a first-rate chance for the formation of a club on this river, as the place may be reached in a day by rail and canoe from Fredericton. The scenery along the river is bold, sloping upward as it runs back, and culminating here and there in high cool mountains with valleys between. Mr. Henry Phair, of the Crown Land Office of New Brunswick, one of the most expert fishermen in Canada, informs me that while club opportunities everywhere are becoming circumscribed, there is an excellent chance for the formation of a club on this river.

In a very charming piece of country is located the grounds of the Tobique Salmon Club. The wilderness here is almost entirely in a virgin state. The club is lessee of all the government lands along the river, and of all the private lands and the domain owned by the New Brunswick Railway fronting good fishing waters. The incorporators are F. W. Cram, Bangor, Maine; William D. Winsor, James M. Rhodes, William H. Ingham, and Charles H. Wurts, of Philadelphia. Several provincial fishermen are members of the organization. The club is building a large house capable of accommodating members and ladies, and it has spared no expense in replenishing and guarding the waters of its excellent property. All kinds of flies are used on the river, and fishing is carried on by wading, in canoes, and from the banks. Poachers here are timid of late.

The Eutopia and Trout, Fish, and Game Association is one of the later organizations. Its waters are fairly well stocked, and there is some game in the woods. Some of the incorporators are Henry P. De Graaf, John H. Barclay, Benjamin F. Vosburg, Albert Darling, J. W. Hansden, John Glass, Jun., all of New York city.

The Tracadie Club is erecting a club-house on the finely stocked river of that name. The scenery is picturesque, being diversified by hill and valley, and penetrated by numerous small streams. Mr. Edward Jack is the lessee of the stream, and a number of American fishermen are about forming a club. Prominent members of the Miscou Island Goose and Brant Shooting Club are Dr. Orne Green and D. McBeath, of Boston; and Frank Todd and William F. Todd, of Calais, Maine. Probably the best shooting in the province is here, the club owning the greater part of Miscou, a picturesque island rising out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The club is primarily provincial, and its members are said to bag more goose and brant than any other Canadian sportsmen.

Much of the foregoing information would have been inaccessible to me but for the kindness of Mr. Henry Phair, the well-known fisherman, to whom I have already referred.

In Nova Scotia there is not so much attraction for the sportsman, and there is only one American club with regular premises, at Greenfield, Queens County. The Hon. J. W. Longley, Premier of Nova Scotia, himself an expert sportsman, and one of Canada's best chroniclers of sport, informs me that "there are splendid facilities for fishing, moose-shooting, and other sports" in his province.

No fewer than half the incorporated fishing and hunting clubs in the province of Quebec are composed entirely or in part of Americans, the greater number of the clubs being provided with comfortable lodges and other buildings. Perhaps the most notable of these is the Paradise Fin and Feather Club. The president is ex-Judge H. A. Gildersleeve; vice-president, J. C. Davis; treasurer, Kit Clarke; and secretary, J. K. Emmett, Jun. Among members of the club are Grover Cleveland, John Woods, Augustus Pitou, James T. Davis, H. C. Miner, William Moser, H. S. Taylor, L. Richardson, Dr. W. F. Duncan, and Dr. E. R. Lewes, of Westerly, Rhode Island. The club-house stands in the centre of the Lac des Grandes Isles, 115 miles north of the city of Quebec. The lake is about twenty-two miles long, but it is so indented with little arms, coves, and inlets that it has over 100 miles of shore. The lake fairly swarms with speckled trout, and no fish, when full grown, runs below a pound. As many as fifty fish have often been taken with the fly in a couple of hours. Away in the distance can be seen the hazy tops of tall Laurentian hills, and the wild forest comes from the distant mountains to the shore from which the angler casts his hackle. The ladies delight to wander and explore through the myriad recesses of this lake, some of them using sculls, others paddles. Many of the ladies show records of good catches in these waters. The tackle used by some of the experts here seems hardly heavy enough to lift the fly, but 8-pound fish can be killed with these 4¼-ounce rods. The fish are put on ice and shipped home by rail. The winninish, that curious but handsome fish which fights in the air, can be got after a four hours' ride from Paradise Club.

About twenty miles north of the Paradise Club, on Cedar Lake, is the Metabetchouan Fishing Club, the president being Senator O. H. Platt, Meriden, Connecticut. Other members are Stephen W. Kellogg, Waterbury, Connecticut; John C. Chamberlain, W. B. Briggs, Dr. G. L. Porter, Major D. M. Read, of Bridgeport, Connecticut; A. Chamberlain, John W. Coe, Walter Hubbard, H. W. Lyons, Wm. R. Mackay, Meriden, Connecticut; and Professor W. K. Townsend, of Yale.

On the same river the Springfield Fish and Game Club has its head-quarters, E. S. Brewer, president; David N. Coates, vice-president; and E. M. Coates, secretary-treasurer. The members belong to Springfield, and among them are Frank B. Foote, R. W. Day, Louis Horr, E. C. Barr, Henry S. Dickenson, E. A. Alden, Colonel M. V. B. Edgerly, and D. D. Gillmore. Great hills sentinel the fishing waters, and no voice is to be heard here save those of birds and wild beasts. Game fish are abundant, and there is fight in them from snout to tail. The ladies also find this place bracing and full of wild charm.

The Philadelphia Fishing Club is situated on the Metabetchouan, twenty miles above the club named after that river. There is no diminution in the quantity of fish, no scarcity of pools, of encircling hills, brawling brooks, cascades, and close green forests. Here, as further down, the canoe is to be seen flitting from point to point; and in the early morn you can hardly look at a pool without seeing a struggle there between angler and fish. The president of the club is Amos R. Little, and among the members are George W. Childs and David G. Yates. The club-house is built of logs in an airy spot, with the river in front and forest and hill behind. Ten miles of poling or paddling below takes the members to a railway siding. Among the other American clubs incorporated under provincial acts let me mention the following well-known ones: The Marguerite Salmon Club, Megantic Fish and Game Club, and Amabelish Fish and Game Club, all owning capital preserves with the most delightful surroundings. There are a score of other clubs composed of American and Canadian sportsmen, but I have endeavored in this article to show the enormous extent of sporting territory owned and leased in Canada exclusively by American citizens.

THE LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS.

Six miles northwest of the town of Las Vegas, in New Mexico, the Rio Gallinas leaves its picturesque cañon valley among the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains to emerge upon the plain, and take its course through the meadows that give the town its name. Directly back of the cliffs that guard its entrance the cañon widens into an oval amphitheatre, round the south side of which the river winds. In this basin, surrounded by steep high hills covered with scrub oak and pine-trees, are the Las Vegas Hot Springs.

The virtues of these thermal waters have long been known. From the earliest times the Indians of the surrounding region resorted to this place to cure their illnesses, and the tribe which claimed the springs jealously guarded their possession. The Mexicans of an early day came hither horseback, donkey-back, or in carretas (carts), and keeping careful watch against Indian attack, hollowed basins in the earth in which to bathe, drank the hot water, and sometimes, to secure specially good effects, buried themselves to the neck in the warm mud, and remained for hours.

In 1846, the first year of the Mexican war, after New Mexico had been conquered by forces led by Doniphan and Kearny, the United States military authorities established a hospital here—a long one-story adobe house, fronted by a veranda with posts of natural logs. It served for military hospital purposes as late as 1862, and afterward was made a hotel. With the completion of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad to Las Vegas in 1879, a handsome stone hotel and a bath-house were built at the springs; and later, in 1882, after the railroad had bought the property to help its passenger traffic, the Montezuma, a large and elegant wooden hotel, was opened, and many other improvements made. People from all parts of the world visited the springs during the next two years, and the prosperity of the place seemed assured up to the time when the hotel burned to the ground in January, 1884.

The second Montezuma, built to replace the first one, shared the ill fortune of its predecessor, and was burned in the summer of 1885, only a few weeks after its opening. It was rebuilt the next year, and named the Phœnix—a reminder of disaster which has happily been dismissed within a few months by the readoption of its old name. This hotel stands nearly 6800 feet above the sea-level, upon a plateau or shelf of the hill-side overlooking the park below, a massive, spacious, handsome building, built of brownstone, elegantly furnished, and entirely modern in all details. It contains 250 rooms, and is so constructed that nearly every guest-chamber is open to the sunshine at some hour of the day. About the front of the hotel are long verandas, from which may be enjoyed a wide view, embracing in one direction the picturesque Gallinas Cañon, and in the other the green meadows toward the town, the level-topped mesa, and the broad plains beyond. The New-Mexican climate, with its cloudless skies, stimulating air, and agreeable temperature, makes out-of-door life a perpetual delight. Owing to the high elevation the summer heat is never excessive at Las Vegas Hot Springs, and the extremes of temperature between summer and winter are not so widely apart as in the corresponding low altitudes. The nights are always cool, and the locality comprises the features of both a winter and summer resort.

The first objects of interest to the invalid are naturally the waters and baths. The springs, which lie on the south bank of the stream, are over forty in number, and about twenty-five of them have been excavated and walled, in order to develop the flow of water and create small reservoirs. The spring known as No. 6 furnishes 30,000 gallons of hot water a day, at a temperature of 140° Fahr., and several of the other springs are of considerable volume and nearly as hot. The waters of the springs are of the class termed alkaline saline, resembling in many respects the hot springs of Töplitz, in Austria, while in the two chief active constituents—the carbonate and sulphate of soda—they much resemble the Carlsbad waters, but are weaker. Among disorders for which these waters are specific when drank are chronic rheumatism, gout, biliary and renal calculi, and some forms of dyspepsia. Used as baths, they are smooth and agreeable, producing a cosmetic-like effect upon the skin. Their medicinal effect, when used in this way, applies in general to the class of diseases treated by baths in other hot springs establishments. The main bath-house, a long two-story building built of native red sandstone, stands on the brink of the Rio Gallinas, opposite the hotel, and is approached in front by graceful bridges. It is 200 feet long by 42 feet wide, with the baths for males in one wing, and those for females in the other. The capacity of the establishment for baths is 1000 per day, embracing every variety usually found in a complete water-cure establishment, and the attendants, male and female, are carefully selected and well trained.

A notable feature of the Las Vegas Hot Springs is the mud baths. On a part of the ground in which the waters of the springs for centuries have percolated the soil, a thick, black, slippery mud, impregnated with the chemicals of the waters, has formed, and the practice of the old Mexican bathers has been revived in the use of warm mud as a remedial bath. The mud bath house is an irregularly shaped wooden structure of considerable size, containing departments for males and for females. In giving these baths each tub is filled half full of mud, first freed from all foreign substances, and then mixed with warm spring water to the consistency of thin mortar. At the time of bathing the mixture is warmed by steam to the proper temperature, and in it the patient, with only his head in sight, wallows in placid comfort during the time prescribed by his physician. After leaving the tub, from which he emerges with a body painted glossy black with liquid mud, the patient is placed under the graduated douche, thoroughly washed with a hose, rubbed down clean and dry, and taken to a couch in the resting-room, where he enjoys supremely the *dolce far niente* that follows the ablution. In the novice the thought of immersing himself in a tub of black mud arouses a shudder; but once in it, he finds the experiment not unpleasant. The mud, acting like a poultice, produces a profuse perspiration, and has proved efficacious in curing a wide range of physical disorders. At the springs these baths are very popular with members of both sexes, who soon come to regard them as a luxury.

The good effects produced upon patients by the drinking of the waters and by the baths are greatly assisted by the climate, which has a specially beneficial effect on visitors afflicted with consumption, asthma, and other diseases of the throat and lungs. For many people it is enjoyment enough simply to sit on the hotel verandas, or to stroll about the park, with its fountains, trees, grass, and flowers. In improving the grounds thirty carloads of blue-grass sods were brought 800 miles from Kansas to be used in the terrace, and for sodding the flower beds and edges of the lawns. A small herd of deer is kept upon the grounds, and across the driveway is a museum of native curiosities. By climbing the hill-top in the rear of the hotel a view of seventy miles is obtained; and if one prefer in-door amusement he can repair to the billiard-room and bowling-alleys of the hotel.

A walk or drive up the cañon soon brings one among pine forests, mountains, cliffs, and plateaus—a region filled with novelty and mystery. A rustic road leads along the Gallinas River three miles, then turns to follow a branch stream another mile to its source—a deep and spacious pool formed by numerous rills that flow from beneath a cliff of limestone rock down a bank densely grown with moss and lilies. In the clear cool greenish waters of this pool, known as the Ojo de las Truchas, or Trout Spring, mountain-trout may be seen lying at rest or darting away as the shadow of the visitor falls into the depths. But neither at the Ojo de las Truchas nor in the Gallinas, once famous for trout, is the fishing now good. The constant taking of fish, often by unfair means, has nearly exterminated the trout, which are found now only in the upper waters of the streams, and are hard to secure. Under the game and fishing laws now in force in the Territory these waters may be restocked, and afford good sport to the angler once more. Bears and deer no longer venture down to the very Hot Springs grounds as they did at an earlier day, but they are still found in the mountains at the head waters of the Gallinas, fifteen miles above; and one who ventures far enough up the valley and the heights at its sides to command a view of the distant serrated peaks of the snowy range sees a region where the elk and the grizzly still abide. The sight of a hunter winding down the trail with a bear or deer strapped across his burro's back is not uncommon at the Hot Springs, and the hotel table in the season is well supplied with mountain game.

There are many walks and rides to be taken over the bridle-paths among the foot-hills, beneath the pine-trees breathing balsamic fragrance, where the sombre grandeur of the dark forest and cliffs alternates with the sunshine in the open lands. As the excursionist proceeds up the valley there comes into view at its head a high, flat-topped, massive mountain, with almost perpendicular sides. This mountain, in appearance like a vast bowlder, is Hermit Rock, and upon it the Italian religious recluse John Augustiani lived for several years in a cave or "dugout," his abode the object of pious pilgrimages by Mexicans of the humbler class, who still hold his memory in sanctity, and make bonfires on the mountain-top in his honor on certain days in the year.

The form of excursion most in favor with the guests at the Hot Springs is made upon the back of burros, or donkeys, and every morning a train of these sure-footed, docile little animals is brought before the door in waiting for the riding parties. The burro carries without remonstrance astonishingly heavy loads, but let him once get it into his thick head that he is overweighted, all ambition ceases within him. The spectacle of a burro subsiding beneath the weight of a stout lady, and settling himself comfortably on the ground, with a total dismissal of all idea of rising, is not uncommon in these excursions. In such cases he always carries his point, and nothing but an exchange of riders will induce him to proceed.

A series of observations and records shows that the mean temperature at the Hot Springs during the three winter months is 47° Fahr., with a great proportion of clear days. There is in the winter about holiday-time some cold, overcast weather, with snow, and the winter nights are usually freezing. The rainy season occurs between the middle of June and the middle of September, during which period it rains irregularly in the afternoon and night. Sometimes there will be a shower every day for weeks, and again there may occur an interval of unbroken fairness for several days, with now and then a downright rainy day that sets in for the whole twenty-four hours. The showers alternate with clear skies and sunshine, and during the rainy season the country takes on an unwonted greenness.

The visitors to the Hot Springs represent every part of the continent of America, and nearly every tourist from abroad who crosses the continent by the southerly routes stops there for a time. Eastern men whose business takes them into the mining or cattle country like to make the place a head-quarters. Balls and amateur entertainments of various kinds are frequent during times when guests are numerous. An element of great interest to the Eastern visitor is the surrounding native population and its antique way of living. Between Las Vegas and the springs, on the line of the railroad, are Mexican villages of a primitive type, and in remote mountain hamlets one may still behold the Mexican ploughing with a wooden plough of the pattern of three centuries ago. On the branch railroad line running to the springs the visitors may go at several times in the day to Las Vegas; or, for a more extended excursion, take a trip to the quaint old city of Santa Fe, less than half a day's journey away, and from there ride out to Tesuque, a town of the peaceful Pueblo Indians, of the same race as the Aztecs of old Mexico.

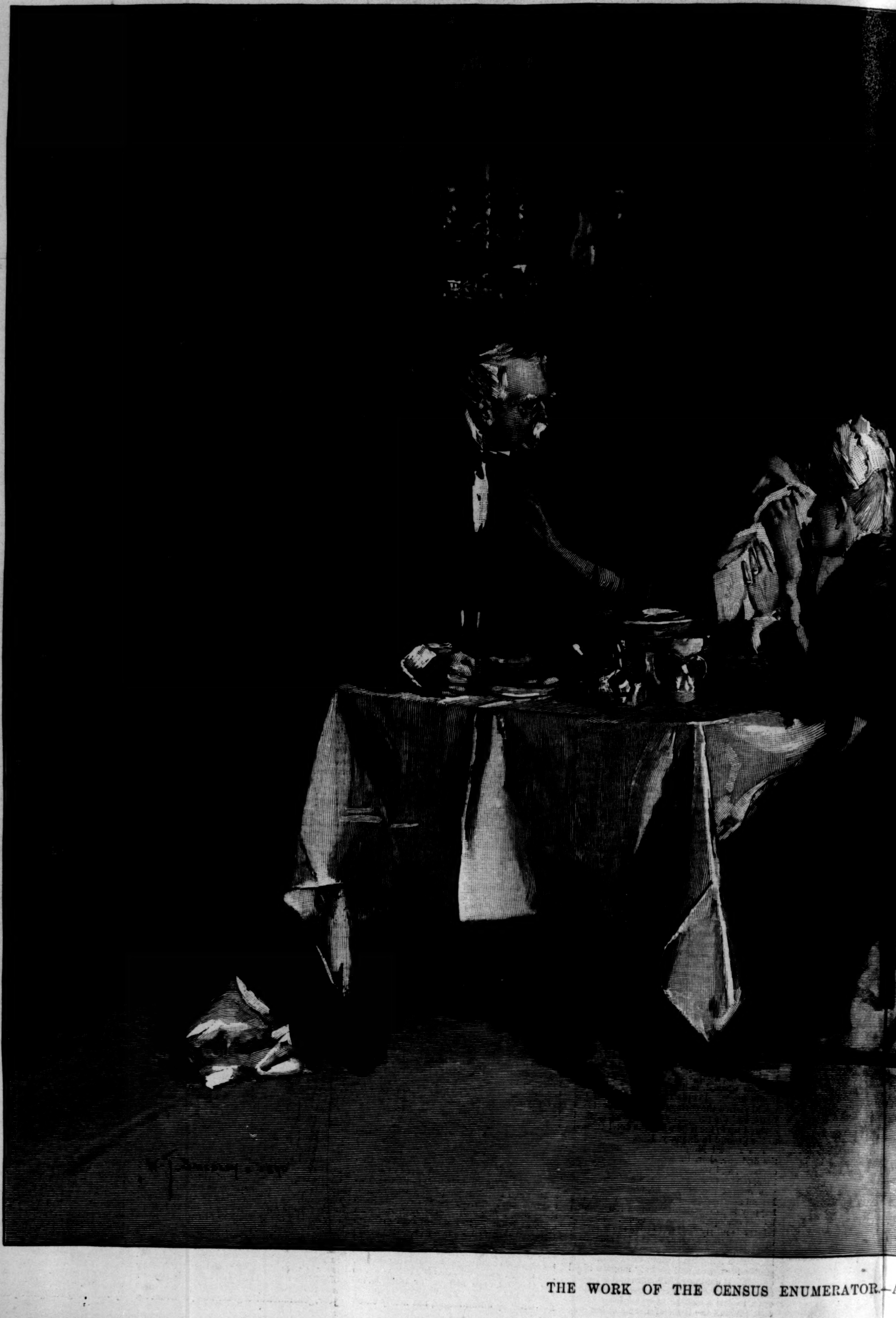
Clarence Pullen.

ACCIDENTS IN THE COAL REGIONS.

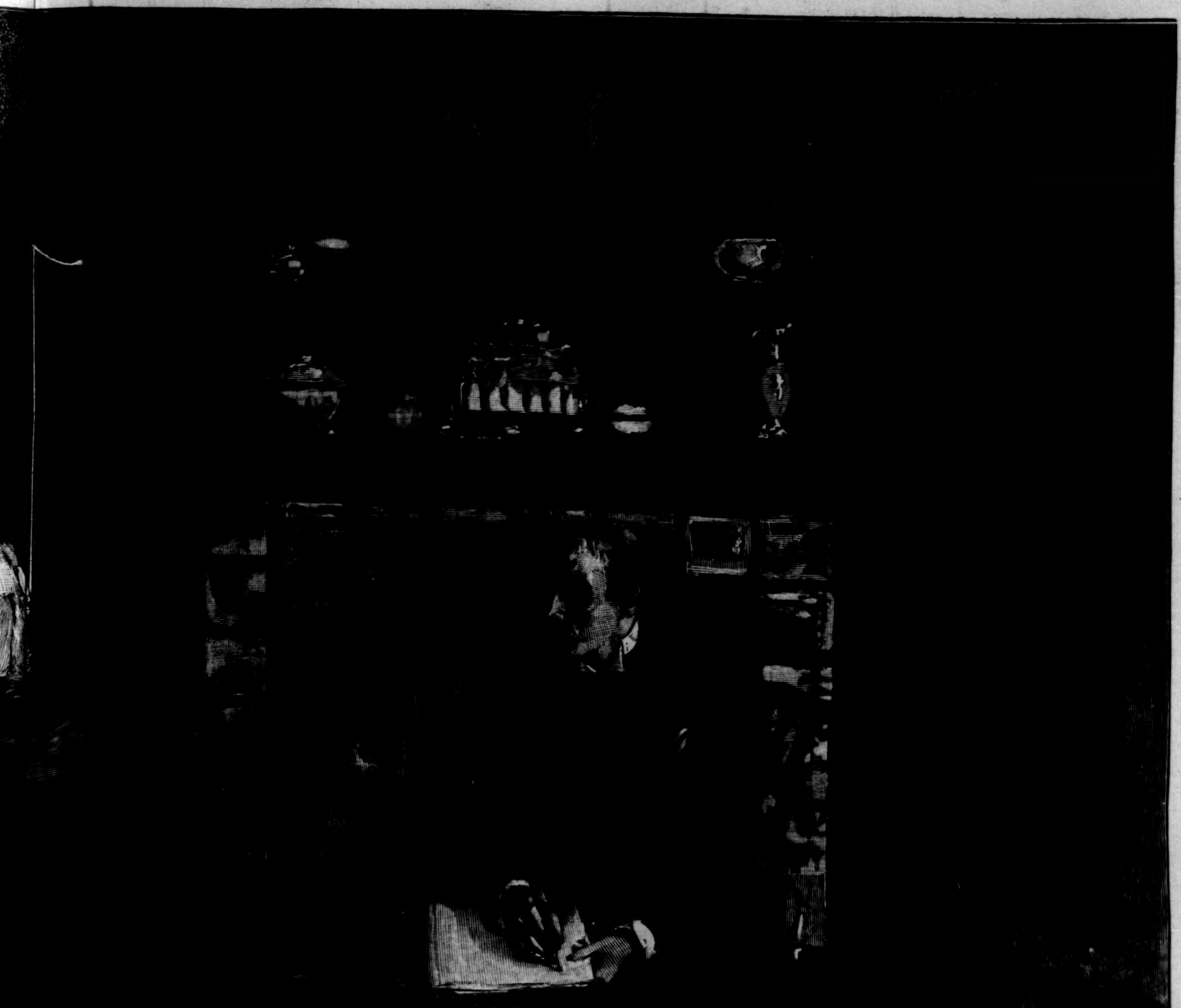
If the statistics of mortality in the Pennsylvania coal country were accessible, it would be found that the forces of nature are hardly less destructive to the life of the laborer than war to the life of the soldier. It is quite within the fact to say that mine disaster, floods, railway catastrophes, and storms have done such ravage in the State during the last twelve months as is rarely witnessed by an active campaign in an enemy's country. Though the first reports of the destruction wrought at Johnstown were overstated, the total still remains an impressive evidence of the futility of all our appliances for the safe guarding of life and property against the aberrations of nature. Elsewhere in this issue of the Weekly the artist has reproduced the external effect of one of the phases of danger that confront the toiler in a mining country. The history of one disaster is, with slight modification, the history of all disasters. The gaunt armies impressed into the service of the corporations year after year, generation after generation, confront the same conditions of uncertainty, the cumulative chances—from fire-damp, foul air, flimsy and inefficient chambers, imperfect communication—which made mining the work of malefactors in the early stages of civilization. A curious student, journeying through the anthracite and bituminous coal regions of Pennsylvania not long ago, found, on inquiry, that there was not a hamlet from the Lackawanna to the Monongahela where a certain percentage of the homes had not been visited by loss of life in the mines, on the gravity railways, or some one of the innumerable constructures incident to the production of coal. It is no exaggeration to say that there is blood—the blood of the young, the old, the infirm—upon every fireside where the fuel of the mine burns. In other countries disasters are now and then heard of, brought about by causes that the most sagacious foresight may not prevent. But with us it is regarded as a settled matter that every shaft must sooner or later contribute its tale of horror.

It is at once a reproach to the corporation and an evidence of the desperate needs of the millions who toil, that every man engaged in mining feels that he takes his life in his hand when he embarks in the business for his daily bread. Indeed, when the conditions of mining and the bestowal of the miner is examined, it fairly looks as if improvidence and recklessness were deliberately inculcated upon the masses dedicated to the garnering of treasures of the earth. The hamlets housing the miner and his family are capriciously set in narrow gorges, which serve as waterways in seasons of flood, or if not in these death-traps, upon the thin crust of surface covering actual or arched out excavations. Entire cities, like Scranton, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, are built upon thin crusts of rock and soil. When, as often happens, single houses, whole streets cave in, there is little ado made over it; life is lost, property destroyed; there are no words of reproach in the local presses, no awakening of the great corporations to set about a new order of things. *À la guerre, comme à la guerre*, seems to be the maxim of the barons who command the conscripts of Pennsylvania. A mere glimpse at the fabrication and construction of the mountain railways, the hill-side breakers, the subterranean galleries, impresses this upon the observer. Everything is put together for the single object of producing the coal at as small a cost as possible; little or nothing seems to be done to make the mining of it secure, the lives of the toilers easier. The ingenuities of science adapted to speedy results are well paid for by the coal men; but, save in rare cases, there is no spur for those who seek to make life secure for the toilers in the shafts. "Fire-damps," flooded galleries, crumbling supports, are manifestly regarded as major forces of nature that the cunning of man is incapable of contending with. And yet, for more than a thousand years, the salt mines of Bavaria have been worked farther into the bowels of the earth than any shafts known in this country, and the records show no accident involving human life. This, however, is not due so much to the more active philanthropy of the owners as to the precision of the laws and their zealous enforcement. There are laws for the security of miners' lives in Pennsylvania, but they are little regarded. The men whose safety and comfort depend upon their enforcement are naturally the least able to get them applied. It might naturally be supposed that under a condition of things where the operators find it for their interest to cease mining three or four months every year, the idle hands might be humanely employed in securing the shafts against such slaughters as those the artist represents.

That it is possible to diminish if not wholly prevent disaster to life, the incident in the Youghiogheny Valley clearly shows. A miner struck his pick into the wall of coal. When he withdrew it, a stream of water gushed out. The men lying on their faces in the narrow vault at once realized their danger, but a new one confronted them. The coal-bunkers—a train of small cars lowered and raised by an engine on the surface at the mouth of the pit—coming down at full speed, block the egress. A lad with an exposed wick burning on his cap rushed into the crevice to warn the men. Then followed the usual slaughter. The foul air released with the water filled the cavern with "fire-damp." The place was in an instant a burning brazier, with a dozen men gasping and suffocated. Thirty-five men perished before the wholly inadequate means at the disposal of the rescuers could be brought into use. Fifty families are bereaved. The dead are buried; new men have been sent down to take their places; the widows and orphans will be dispossessed of their scant hovels, and the incident forgotten. Now it is very easy to foresee what must happen when an opening is made in a wall of coal. Why, in such a case, cannot precautions be taken in advance? Why, at such a conjuncture, are the tapers on the miners' caps exposed to the fatal whiff of fire-damp exhaling from the suddenly opened orifice? Such scenes as these, such a record of death in every form that the mind can conceive of as appalling, are a stigma upon the State of Pennsylvania—upon the whole country, in short; for to merely read the tale, shudder over it, and dismiss it is, in a sense, making ourselves responsible for the continuance of a system, or want of system, which makes such constantly recurring slaughter possible.



THE WORK OF THE CENSUS ENUMERATOR.—



2.—After the Painting by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 503.]

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

MR. BERTRAM LAMAR sat on the arm of a chair in the hall of the hotel at Monterey, and idly swung his foot. Mr. Lamar was bored. An extended acquaintance with this young man forces me to confess that he was not often afflicted in that way. We know that no man can aspire to be of the highest fashion without constantly experiencing the pangs of this distinguished ailment, and yet Mr. Lamar was unquestionably of the highest fashion. The most cursory glance would tell you this. Any one could see that he belonged to the best people, that he was used to the best people, that only the best people would be bearable to him. It was therefore with humiliation that he confessed to himself how seldom, how singularly seldom, considering all his advantages, he felt the inspiring throes of boredom. Who can guess how hard he tried to crush his exuberant vivacity, to quell his laughter, to extinguish the sparkle in his handsome brown eyes? He could draw amusement from Philadelphia, find diversion at Tadmor in the Wilderness. If you were a true devotee of fashion, his unquenchable spirits would make your hair stand on end.

But now he was genuinely bored, and he felt joyously that any one could see he was. Ladies passed—old ones, who swept up the dust with trains, and who creaked as they moved, as if they wanted oiling; young ones in light frocks, and wide flowered hats which cast a shadow over the clearest eyes. They kept banging open the glass doors and going out into the blaze of sun beyond, with a bursting into bloom of lace parasols, or coming into the cool of the hall, with the rustling, silken sheathing of the parasols suddenly furled, and the tapping of little heels on the hard floor. He never glanced at them. But they did at him—swiftly, obliquely—from under the hat brim out of the shadow. He looked away, with raised chin and indolently drooped eyelids; but about his heart he began to feel a little creeping, warm titillation of interest, a premonition that he was not going to keep bored very much longer. There was one girl—she kept going to and fro—and as he looked on the ground he could see the hem of her dress and her feet. They were pretty feet in yellow shoes, small and pointed. Mr. Lamar found himself ruminating: "Suppose the head is as pretty as the feet. But it never is. There's a law of compensation which prevents that. The head which belongs to those feet is thirty-five—" And he looked up. The head matched the feet to perfection. Mr. Lamar felt that he didn't look bored any longer. Rather, however, than sacrifice this dearly bought and enviable condition of being, he turned his back on that enchanting head, and sauntered into an adjoining room. There would be no one to look at here to destroy the aristocratic vacuity of his mind.

The room was empty, cool, and dim. It had oak chairs and tables and writing-desks, sea-green walls, and a great window opening on the balcony. Outside there were old ladies sitting under a forest of parasols. Beyond were velvety sweeps of close-cropped turf, dappled with short shadows shrinking to the tree roots. Splinters of dusty sunlight crept down the boles of the stately cedars and trembled on the white dresses of passing girls. There were glimpses of spiked unfolding fan-palms and rustling melancholy dracænas, fat Arizona cactuses of an unhealthy morbid hue, and little squat, flat, prickly green things growing in irritable confusion. Mr. Lamar felt that he might gaze upon this prospect for an infinitude of time and remain bored.

But fate willed otherwise. As he entered the room he saw something on the floor near the table. He picked it up. It was a band about an inch and a half wide, covered with a puckered yellow ribbon, and with one end run through a clasp of dull silver showing a monogram in small diamonds. There was a bunch of narrower yellow ribbon beside the clasp, each end finished with a little tongueless silver bell. It appeared to Lamar from some hanging filaments of thread that the two ends of this band had once been stitched together. He looked curiously at his find.

"What can it be?" he mused, staring at it. We have said that he was young, and came of the best people, and with the best people there is always a doubt as to whether they wear such vulgar things as stockings or possess such unmentionable things as legs. "Wings, not legs and feet, shall move them," as the poet gracefully expresses it.

Lamar first thought he would take it to the office. But curiosity impelled him to study it. It might be worn round the neck; but no; it was not long enough. He drew the severed ends together, and held it off from him, eying it dubiously, and reflectively pulling his small mustache. Oh yes, of course. Now he saw. How dense he'd been! A bracelet. Holding it together, he pushed his hand through it, and it swung on his wrist.

"I don't think I ever saw a bracelet just like that before," he thought, moving it round and looking at it with his head on one side.

And then, as he looked at it, came a sudden flash of wakening light, and for a moment he stood staring at it in stupefied horror as it hung over his wrist. With the return of consciousness he crumpled it up and crushed it into his pocket. What should he do with it? If he took it to the office, it's owner would never dare to claim it. If he found out who she was, he would never dare to offer it.

He could imagine the scene: A lovely and youthful lady is discovered walking in the corridors. To her appears Mr. Bertram Lamar in full evening dress with a white pink in his button-hole. Making toward her, he executes one of those majestic yet easy bows for which the Lamar family have been famous ever since their illustrious founder came over in the *Mayflower*, and stepping ashore on Plymouth Rock, which has since bashfully retired before the advances of the boisterous Atlantic, greeted the Indian chief Walla-Walla with so elegant a salute that the rancor of that untamed barbarian melted like snow before thaw. Then drawing a package from his pocket, Mr. Lamar presents it to her, murmuring, "Yours, I believe," and vanished through a trap-door. He might give it to her, and then pretend to be prostrated by the heat, and fall on the floor with his eyes shut, to avoid embarrassing her by witnessing her inevitable confusion. The Lamars were also famous for their chivalrous attitude toward the sex. But can a man be prostrated by heat on a day when the thermometer in its most ambitiously soaring moments can only struggle up to 75°? What should he do to spare her feelings and his own? And he turned the cause of his perturbation over in his pocket.

Just then he heard a step outside—a feminine frou-frou. With a guilty start, he retreated from the table, fell into a chair, and seized the morning paper, in which he buried his head. Any one noting this fact would of course imagine that he slumbered, and feel themselves safe from espial.

"It is she," thought Bertram, seized with guilty tremors. "She has come to hunt for it;" and he remained motionless.

So did she. There was not the smallest vibrating rustle from her silent figure. Bertram rattled the paper, stabbed a little hole through it with his finger, and peeped at her. She was standing in the doorway, peering about the room, and she was the young lady with the yellow shoes. She was charmingly pretty in a light dress of striped flannel and a loose skirt of thin silk made like a boy's. Under the turned-down collar was knotted a four-in-hand necktie of white piqué, and about her waist was a woven silk belt clasped with a silver S. She was slowly sweeping the room with a long glance, only her head moving, her figure finely erect, her right thumb in her belt, and her left hand hanging by her side, and lightly clasping a little leathern thong which was wound about her knuckles. As to her head—that lovely head with strong brown hair curling up crisply under her sailor hat, delicately rounded cheeks, and gravely pouting lips—it was an image of soft, delicious beauty. At her side sat a little pug-dog on its haunches, gasping and rolling its eyes.

She cast a hurried glance at the gentleman reading the paper, and walked into the room, looking intently about the floor.

"What would she say," thought Bertram, as she passed him in her search, "if I were to innocently ask her what she's looking for, and gallantly offer to help her find it? But I'll spare her that, even though I do appear a clown," and the hero peeped again.

She was certainly hunting thoroughly. She moved several of the chairs, drew up the lace curtains and looked under them, peered into all the corners and under the tables and round the desks.

"What the deuce could she have been doing?" thought the young man. "She must have been playing puss in the corner or forfeits. I'll burst with curiosity soon, and hit her with one of the pieces."

When she had searched everywhere she straightened herself with a sigh, threw one last reluctant look about the room, and calling to the pug, "Come along, dearest; it isn't here," departed.

Bertram laid down the paper and looked after her. She appeared to him to have a singular amount of *sang-froid*, also a very graceful back. How well she walked! How proudly she carried her small dark head!

When she was out of sight he cautiously drew forth the yellow band and studied the monogram. It was exceedingly complicated, and seemed to him to consist mainly of large B's, with small O's distributed about them.

"B & O," said he, musingly. "Baltimore and Ohio! Perhaps her papa is a railway man, and this is a touching evidence of filial devotion. What a sweet girl!"

Mr. Lamar was not bored that afternoon. He was consumed with perplexity. How could he return the lost treasure to its owner without causing her embarrassment, without making her his enemy for life? If it had been anything else, how delightfully he could have broken the ice with it! But to break the ice with that historic emblem—impossible! It would have exactly the opposite effect, and cause the ice to form as beneath a breath from the Arctic.

He roamed about listlessly. It was a warm afternoon, and outside the glass doors there was a great blaze and glare of sun. After lunch the guests dispersed. The dowagers lumbered up stairs to appear resplendent at dinner-time, and sit along the ballroom walls, watching three gyrating couples try to imagine, like the ambitious little goats who endeavored to persuade themselves that they were cows, that they were attending a large and select ball of the most brilliant gayety and fashion. The younger married women also withdrew to lounge away the afternoon in golden-moted gloom behind drawn blinds. Driving parties started out with laughter and gay voices, the snapping of whips, and the grinding of gravel under revolving wheels. Away they whirled down the drive, streaked with already lengthening shadows, to range along winding yellow roads beside the many-sounding sea, where dark, writhing cypresses crouched before the angry breezes, or steal through noiseless, dim, dun-colored woods, silent and dripping with funereal mosses, the sad ghosts of once green and whispering forests. Some of the young ladies strolled over the lawn, away through light and shade, parasol on shoulder, book in hand.

Then it grew very hot and still. The surf boomed faintly on the distant shore. There was the long roll and crash of balls from the bowling-alley, and a gentle, occasional clicking from the billiard-room. The clerk read a novel with his feet on the desk; down in the barber's shop the barbers were all sitting in white jackets reading papers. In the glass-covered end of the balcony enormous flies buzzed ceaselessly, and bees swung in the cups of the huge drowsy-headed poppies. The shadows stole across the velvet sward, a leaf circled languidly downward through sun and shade. The afternoon was steeped in the strange silence which broods over the Californian landscape. Here was a condition of things to have bored a newly liberated convict, to have subdued the high spirits of a miss fresh from the convent.

But Mr. Lamar was not bored. He even didn't care whether he looked so or not. His pride was shattered. He sat on the balcony, and there being no one to dispute his loneliness, he put both his legs over the arm of his chair, clasped his hands behind his head, and tilted his hat on to the bridge of his nose. From under the hat brim rose occasional thin spirals of smoke and long sighs.

"I must give it to her this evening," he thought. "I'll wrap it up in paper and tie one of the ribbons round it that are on that mouchoir case Milly gave me. Then, if she asks me—as of course she will—what it is, I'll say, carelessly: 'Oh, nothing! Just a little trifle I think belongs to you. Don't hurry to open it. Have you noticed what a beautiful night it is?' And so I'll engage her in absorbing conversation. But if the conversation is not sufficiently absorbing and she begins to open it, I must flee from the wrath to come. And when next I meet her, dying to speak or even bow to her, there will be a wall of ice raised between us. She will turn her profile toward me and become engrossed in the beauties of the landscape. Such is the irony of fate."

The languorous afternoon burned itself away in loitering stages of deepening light and color to a smouldering crimson sunset. Dinner loomed in the near distance, and was awaited with fond expectancy. At seven o'clock Mr. Lamar came slowly down the broad stairs, looking as handsome as the young Dionysius in his dress suit, his shining shirt bosom, and a white pink in his button-hole. The hall was full of moving figures and a blaze of light and color. Gay running laughter and broken ends of sentences detached themselves from the hum of voices. Splendidly dressed ladies passed and repassed in couples, in threes, in long lines, or stood in groups, with the gas-light breaking in myriad little splinters on their tumbled trains of soft silk, and sliding with glossy radiance along their half-bared arms. There was a fluttering and sweeping of fans, a rustling of rich crushed fabrics.

Outside there was still light. Through breaks in the foliage gleamed the fiery eye of the angry sunset. The summits of the taller trees were touched with a lingering brightness, but in their odorous shadows lurked the reluctant dewy dusk. Mr. Lamar was too perturbed in mind to care to mingle with the gay, loud-voiced, laughing crowd. He wished for solitude, and directed his steps toward the little writing-room. He had not wrapped the treasure in paper, nor tied it up with a ribbon from his mouchoir case. He had not done anything with it. He did not dare. The sight of its owner might inspire him to the desperate pitch of boldly offering it to her, or suggest to him some cunning way of returning it without betraying the identity of the finder. With these ideas in his mind he carried it still in his pocket, in company with his keys, jingling on the end of a chain.

The gas in the writing-room was not lit. Red gleams shot in from between the great boles of the cedar-trees and touched the sea-green walls. Mr. Lamar liked the softened light and the pensively faint prospect, and went to the open window. Just outside it, on the balcony, in a Shaker rocking-chair, was the young lady who had worn the yellow shoes. She was reading and rocking, her pug in her lap; and if she was pretty in her flannel morning dress, words cannot describe her in a mist of fine black gauze cut square round her neck, and showing her arms to the elbow. Her skin was as white and flawless as a blanched almond. There was the gleam of a gold pin from the shadow of her dark hair, and a jewel hung round her neck rose and fell with her quiet breath. As she read she absently pulled the pug's ears, which drowsed with its eyes half open and its head against her arm.

Lamar looked. She turned the page. The pug, disturbed, rose to its fore paws, gazed at her with an expression of idiotic fondness, and tried to lick her chin. She avoided this demonstration of affection by moving her chin from side to side, keeping her eyes still on the book. The pug continuing, she struck it gently, observing,

"Don't, you bad little abominable dog!"

"I beg your pardon," said Lamar suddenly from the window.

The lady looked up with the raised eyebrows of polite inquiry.

"I have something of yours," said the young man desperately, and in a low tone.

"Yes? What is that?"

"I—I—don't quite know. Or, rather—Well— But— Um! I didn't like to leave it at the office. I thought—yes—I thought—" He leaned out of the window, with his closed hand extended. "Here it is."

She held out her hand, and he dropped it in. She looked, and gave an exclamation of joy that caused the pug to jump to the ground.

"Oh, how glad I am! Thanks so much. Thanks awfully! I was so afraid it was lost. Isn't that lucky?" And she looked affectionately at the returned treasure with her head on one side.

There was light enough to see her face distinctly. She did not exhibit a sign of embarrassment, not the ghost of a blush. Lamar felt a sudden chill of disappointment and disapprobation.

"You found it in there?" she said, indicating the writing-room, and looking up at him with frank, candid eyes. "Yes; that's where it was lost."

"I—I supposed so," said Lamar, with a wan smile.

"I looked for it myself this morning all over," she continued; "under everything; but it was gone."

"Yes?" said the young man, with a fatuously inquiring air. "If she knew I was behind the paper, she'd ask me why I didn't give it to her then and there; and what the deuce would I say? I couldn't tell her that I was afraid she would be embarrassed, for such an idea has apparently never entered her head. I must dissemble," thought he.

"I value this very much," she went on, turning it over in her hand.

"I should imagine so."

"You see there is only one like it. There is not a single duplicate anywhere."

She looked smilingly into his face. Lamar stared at her in stupefied horror.

"Only one—did you say?" he managed to articulate in a faint voice.

"Only one," she repeated, nodding her head. "It was made to order."

There was a moment of silence. Lamar made no comment, but continued to stare vacantly at her. He was thinking: "It must have been an accident. She can't be a veteran of the war. I might have known it—the law of compensation again. Such a lovely face as that must have some counter-balancing defect."

"When you have only one—and that such a pet," she continued, not noticing his silence—"you like to have everything as pretty as possible."

"Yes, yes. Of course, of course," ejaculated Lamar, laughing idiotically. "If you have only one, I expect it must be somewhat of a treasure," he thought. Then he added boldly, but with the air of confiding a piece of news, "I have two."

"Two?" said the young lady, with vivacious interest. "What kind?"

Lamar looked askance at her, in alarmed silence. Was she doubly afflicted? She was stroking the pug with the tips of her fingers, and there was nothing in her placid expression to suggest mania of any form.

"The same as everybody else's," he answered, with some hauteur. "Are the people in this part of the country in the habit of managing with one?"

"As a rule, they have only one; it's so much less bother. Though, to be sure, I have a friend who has—let me see—yes, eleven."

"*She* must be a centipede," thought Lamar. "I seem to be encountering remarkable freaks of nature. There is a fortune waiting here for any one who wants to start up a dime museum." Then he remarked aloud, regarding her with his head on one side, a tolerant, fond smile on his lips, "That must be quite an *embarras de richesse*, especially when you're walking."

"They do get rather in the way," admitted the young lady; "but most of them are very well trained."

"Very clever of them, I am sure," murmured Lamar, leaning against the window-frame, and feeling that he was about to swoon.

There was another short silence, during which the girl continued to examine her restored treasure. Presently she said, musingly: "I see the threads are broken. She has broken them once before, though I don't see how she can possibly do it."

Lamar only stared and swallowed. She held his glance with a horrible, eerie fascination.

"You know she loves to run about so," she prattled on. "She ran away from me this morning, and when she came back it was gone. She must have crept under the table, and not come out until she had got it off."

"Who is *she?*" asked Lamar, in a voice from the tombs.

"She? Why, Bobo—my pug. Isn't she a beauty? Come up here, Bobo"—patting her knee. "I want to put your collar on, and show this gentlemen, who was kind enough to return it, how pretty you look when you're all dressed up." She held the band round the dog's neck, and, turning to Lamar, said, with laughing archness, "Isn't it becoming?"

Lamar sat down on the window-sill. He was not bored, but he took up the morning paper, which lay on an adjacent desk, and began to fan himself with it, though the evening had grown cool.

"WAIT DES A MINIT."

I HAVE a gallant lover,
He's true as true can be;
But it's come to this when I want a kiss
He always says to me,
"Wait des a minit."

He does not love another;
His heart is all my own;
Yet I grieve to know, when he treats me so,
That mine to him has flown—
"Wait des a minit."

His face is very fair;
His eyes are violet blue;
And the light they send as on me they bend
'Most breaks my heart in two—
"Wait des a minit."

His hair is like the sun
That shines upon the dew;
But he likes not girls, and he shakes his curls,
With words that pierce me through—
"Wait des a minit."

Whenever I talk of love,
In moonlight or by day,
He just looks at me, and in mocking glee
Remarks, and runs away,
"Wait des a minit."

I'll tell you what I'll do
To punish this young man:
When he wants a wife, if it takes his life,
I'll say to the young woman,
"Wait des a minit."

SANDY BROAD.

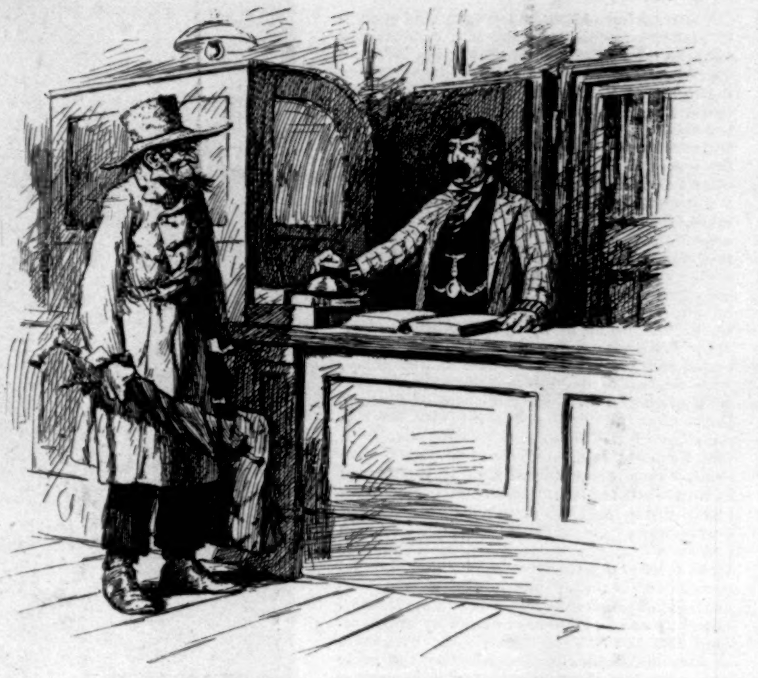
A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

WHICHEVER of the thirty questions—"the want to knows, you know"—embodied in the schedule of the Eleventh Census of the United States was it that aroused the wrath of the gray-headed gentleman? Did he take in high dudgeon the nineteenth one, "Was he able to read?" Perhaps it was the one as to his naturalization which irritated him. More probably it was the twenty-second question which touched him to the quick, for just then he might have had a twinge of gout, and so he answered that and the twenty-third one in a most conclusive manner, showing that he was neither "defective in mind, sight, hearing, or speech."

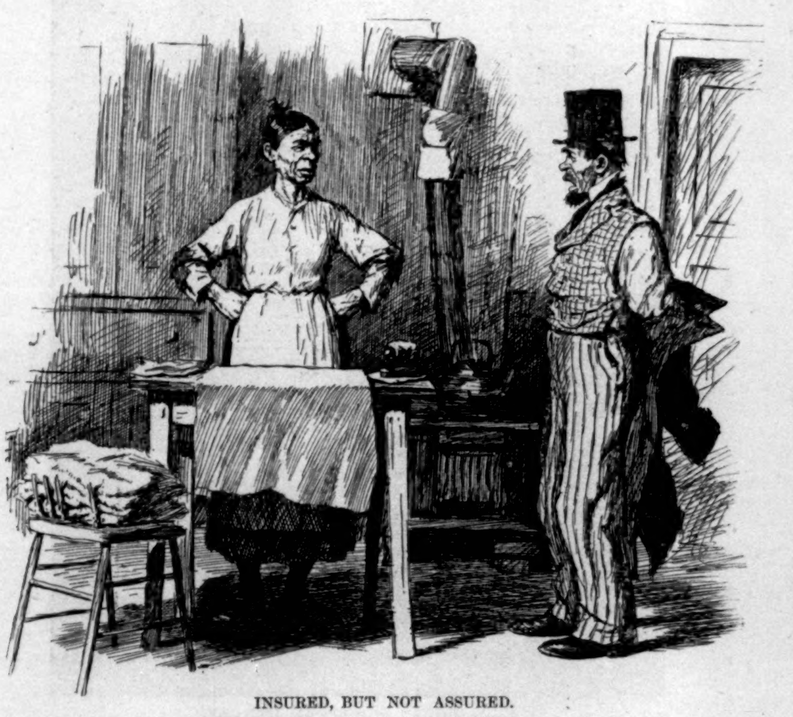
The census young man, who had rather prided himself on his nice get up, had considered himself lucky in having allotted to him the better portion of the city. He certainly is taken aback at the reception he is meeting. He has bearded the lion in his den, for the fretted head of the family looks as if he were inclined to swallow the young census man, portfolio and all. There probably was no reason why Paterfamilias should have fumed so, though a tempestuous manner is often assorted to the part.

Perhaps it was unfortunate for the young searcher after facts to have interrupted that hour, devoted to after-dinner coffee. If a man has any sacred right, it would be at that precise time.

There is no reason to suppose that the enumerator asked any impertinent questions. He probably kept within the strict limits of the schedule. It was the suddenness of the outburst, just as Mr. Smedley has sketched it, that agitated the enumerator. It was so entirely unexpected. He had not suspected that a storm was lowering. A schedule is, however, a schedule, and he clings to it, nor will he drop it in his nicely brushed hat and bolt, or call on the authority of the United States to bring this old gentleman to a better comprehension of the amenities of life. We are sorry to suspect "the head of that family" to be a very wrong-headed one. It is evident that the gentleman's wife and daughter intercede. The young lady, with an imploring gesture, has her hand on her father's arm, and his wife begs him to mitigate his ire. Don Furioso's fist may make the cups, the saucers, the silver rattle, but that will be the worst of it. There are certain human geysers which must seethe, foam, and spout forth. The pressure being relieved, a calmer period sets in. It might be that the census man, after the first shock, was so courteous, took the old gentleman's blurt and bluster in so manly a way, youth forgiving the faults of old age, that the young lady found something quite interesting in the enumerator. So she felt doubly obliged to him when he neither smiled when the question of sex (the No. 5) was asked, nor did he simper nor look as if in doubt when the terrible No. 6, her age, was confided to him.



HOTEL CLERK. "Now, when you retire, don't try to blow out the light."
FARMER. "Why not?"
HOTEL CLERK. "Because it is an electric light, and you can't."



INSURED, BUT NOT ASSURED.

"I'm after gitting ther house insured fur one hundred and fifty dollars, Bridget."
"Arrah! an' where's ther money, Pat?"
"Faix, they won't pay that till ther house is burnt down."
"Och, yer fule, ef they won't give it to yez now, divil a cent will they give whin there's no house at all."

MODERN JAPAN AT THE TOKIO EXHIBITION.

THE progress of Japan in the last twenty years or so has inspired on-lookers with sincere admiration for the enterprising little country. The progress of Japan differs from that of other Asiatic countries in kind as well as in degree, being vital and national, and not imposed by foreigners. At first the Japanese resolutely repelled foreign invasion, then, with hardly a pause, they grasped and assimilated foreign ideas. The country itself—tiny, lovely, clean, compact—favors progression. It looks as if it had been made piecemeal, like its fans, cabinets, and crêpes, and with no space for deserts. Man has mastered every spot of it. The very volcanic force, so easily traceable, seems to be disciplined, almost sentient and humorous, and appears as if it exercised its powers in earthquakes and eruptions with the knowledge and consent of the population, whose ancestors, one might fancy, had crept out from daintily moulded grottoes of softly tinted lava buried in some volcanic crater.

In the few years during which they have been taking on the polish of nineteenth century civilization they have done wonders, as their roads, railways, and towns all testify. While their phlegmatic neighbors, the Chinese, have scarcely any show to make for a much longer contact with Western ideas, and palter feebly over introducing a few miles of railway, Japan goes the length of organizing successful exhibitions, the third of which is now being held at Tokio, her large and well laid out capital. It is a great attraction to tourists naturally, and the writer was glad to seize the opportunity of passing through Japan to go and view the exhibition. I reached Tokio after about an hour's railway journey from Yokohama, and on arriving at Shimbashi, the Tokio station, I found there was some distance to go to reach the exhibition. There were street cars running, but we preferred rickshas, as the cars were filled to overflowing. So I and my companion mounted one of these large perambulators pulled by a small fellow-creature in a huge mushroom of a hat, who trotted pluckily the long distance, dodging cars, pedestrians, lamps, shops, and affording us some excitement from hair-breadth escapes. At last trees and flags and booths came in sight, and our man-carriage stopped at the entrance to the exhibition.

We dismissed our coolies, and presented our ticket to the official at the gate, and passed in with swarms of natives, whose *geta* (clogs) made a pretty clatter as they walked. The entrance is wide, and leads one up a long street between two rows of buildings. Our first idea being lunch, we looked about for a restaurant, and soon found one conducted on foreign principles, with a clean matted floor, little tables, and a surprisingly cheap *menu*—chicken or beef, eight cents; fish, six cents, and so on, with tea, coffee, chocolate, and Japanese beer to drink. Having made a good meal for about fifty cents, we set off to see the crowds and the exhibition, and followed the stream of natives to the large main building, at the door of which an old Japanese took away our umbrellas with a sweet smile, and gave us a check for them with an obeisance. We went in, and soon saw that the exhibition was not exactly what we had anticipated. Being for the amusement and edification of the Japanese, naturally enough a large amount of space was occupied with exhibits similar to what one sees at home, and not, as we had imagined, with exclusively Japanese articles. There were stuffed animals, skeletons, specimens of modern European silks, wall-papers, and so on, all of which interested us less than it did the natives. Still there were examples of their old rough pottery, their modern ware and lacquer-work and arms, etc. The catalogue not being ready at that date, it was a little difficult to follow things, and the few inscriptions visible consisted mostly of necessary but unenlightening instructions not to touch anything.

The display of armor was good, and some fine swords attracted us, also the curious carriage belonging to the Mikado. After a short stroll through the different rooms we left the building, first noticing a handsome cabinet in gold lacquer which had a card attached, stating it had been shipwrecked on its way home from the Vienna Exhibition, and had not been injured by going to the bottom of the sea. All the damage perceptible was a slight tarnishing of its metal hinges, corners, etc., the lacquer being none the worse. On regaining the door, we reclaimed our umbrellas and pressed some money on the civil old man, but with a series of elegant court bows he declined. We walked about the beautiful grounds, looking at the tea houses with their little table, on which you sit with your tea. We admired the crowds of natives, who really interested one more than the exhibition did. Every one is familiar with the fashion of Japanese garments, and also with their pretty stuffs, cotton and otherwise; but the full effect of the elegance of the dress can only be appreciated when seen on crowds of natives. The girls nearly all carried a fan and umbrella, and indulged, besides, in a variety of airs and graces, especially when they had extra claims to good looks. They are very picturesque, with a kind of swaying, knock-kneed grace admirably in keeping with their garments; but, after all, they are not so very pretty. In fact, few escape downright ugliness in foreign dress. After a walk, we began to do the side shows. One which attracted the natives strongly turned out to be a collection of electro-plated ware.

Passing into another building we came upon some beautiful scrolls and hangings, painted and embroidered; also a fair collection of native oil-paintings, two of which struck us particularly. The first showed a large tree with a heavy branch, on which sat some birds most delicately defined against a clear silvery moonlit sky. The tone of the sky reminded one of Doré's "Dream of Pilate's Wife." The other picture represented a Turneresque marine scene, with a great writhing sea-monster, half dragon, half serpent, fold upon fold of whose scaly length showed through the waves and foam, and upon whose arched and evil-looking neck stood the fair figure of a woman. Both these paintings were eight or ten feet high by four or five feet wide, and would have attracted attention in any European exhibition.

The people behaved like highly bred guests at an extremely select garden party. We felt almost guilty of bad manners in staring at them, and on one occasion, when watching the process of a tiny baby being strapped on to its mother's back with a long silk scarf crossed Greek fashion, I felt like an intruding vandal. Although we were the only foreigners within sight, these gentle Asiatics took no embarrassing notice of us. Just as we left we saw the prettiest dresses of all, on a group of three girls in pale green silk crêpe *kimonas*, with *obis* of cloth of gold. After leaving the exhibition we were glad to arrive at the railway in time for the four-o'clock train. It stops at several stations between Tokio and Yokohama, and the Japanese crowded in and out the second and third classes, but only one native appeared in the first class. The carriages are small but clean, and indeed everything in Japan seems clean. It is their standard virtue; and whatever one makes of their godliness, their cleanliness is beyond dispute. Would that the clean-handedness which distinguishes them in their houses were their guiding-star in political and commercial life! A leading San Francisco merchant who has been spending some months in China and Japan for business and pleasure tells me that there is no comparison between the Chinese and Japanese for straight dealing. "A Chinaman," said he, "is a difficult man to bargain with; but once the contract is closed, and his 'chop' on the document, you can be sure that he will treat you fairly. But a 'Jap,' all bows and smiles, promises everything, and the next day stands you out to your face that you misapprehended his meaning." The Chinese expression, "Hua tunghsi" (slippery thing), so often applied to this people, seems to fit them not inaptly; but, like too many unreliable people, they have charming manners, and one forgives them for the sake of their delightful surroundings.

It has been well said that the Japanese are far too picturesque for politics, that they should stick to tea houses and geisha girls, and leave "rings" and caucuses to the ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon. But these things must be faced, and that in a near future. Japan has elected for constitutional government, and her first Parliament is to meet this next September in the handsome building now rapidly approaching completion at Tokio. At a political banquet given some time ago one of the oldest foreign residents said to a distinguished Japanese official, "The first time I saw your Excellency you were wearing two swords, and had given orders to throw all the outer barbarians into Yokohama Bay." The little man bowed, and replied, "Quite true; but that was before we had studied the Constitution of the United States."

There is a key-note in these words. The Japanese are looking toward America in the great domestic struggle that is before them. The old leaven of feudalism is still among them, and the new Constitution has yet to earn its right to the gratitude of the people at large. The first six months of the new Parliament will be watched with eager interest by all the well-wishers of this plucky and go-ahead little nation. ITHURIEL.

THE HENDRICKS MONUMENT.

Visitors from abroad have been kind enough to make very commendable and encouraging remarks about the United States, but have indulged in the criticism that prominent among the things we lack are antiquity and art in the shape of commemorative monuments. This is but another way of stating that our history is a comparatively short one. The overcoming of the former of these deficiencies is a matter that cannot be hurried, and Europe, having secured a considerable start, cannot very well be overtaken; but in remedying our shortcomings with respect to monuments, rapid and satisfactory progress is being made. One conspicuous instance of tardiness is supplied in the case of the projected testimonial to General Grant; but this is an exception to the rule, and is due to the magnitude of the plan involved. The other day a splendid equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee was unveiled at Richmond, Virginia, and at nearly the same date the Garfield memorial at Cleveland was dedicated. But a short time previous, in this city, the corner-stone of the Washington Centennial Arch was formally laid. Only a few years have elapsed since the statue of Liberty was placed in New York Harbor. Here and there, in other places throughout the country, within the last decade have risen, in honor of prominent men and events, works of art numerous enough to form a large aggregate. It is a process that promises to continue, and to add to the interest and adornment of appropriate spots, until our cities can be compared favorably in this regard with those of the Old World. The value of such possessions in strengthening the pride of locality and of nationality, and as incentives to the faithful discharge of high public duty, is not of a nature to admit of measurement, but it is not to be disregarded.

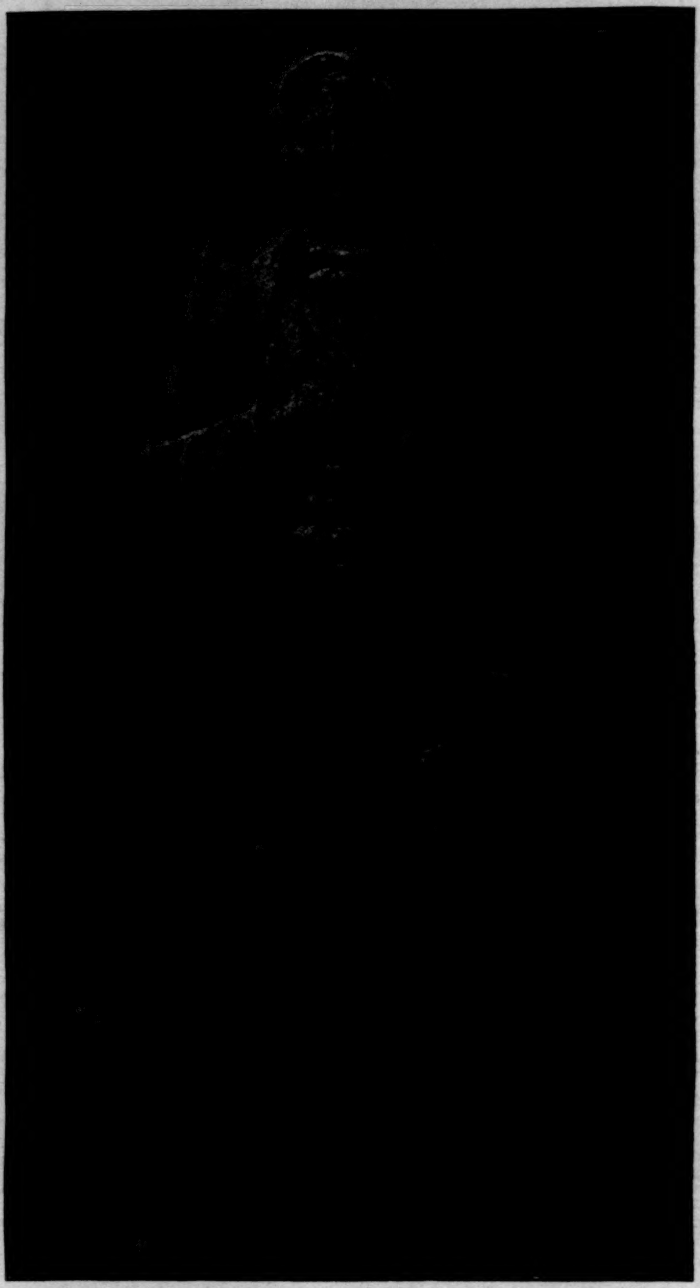
A notable event in the progress in question is the erection of the Hendricks monument and statue in Indianapolis, which will be unveiled with suitable ceremonies on July 1st. Senator Turpie will deliver the oration. Mr. Hendricks died on the 25th of November, 1885, less than five years ago, and it is an evidence of the sincere esteem in which he was held by the people of his city and State that the imposing memorial in his honor has been so promptly completed. Immediately after his death an association was formed to carry out the project. While the funds were being raised, designs were advertised for, a selection made, and the contract given. Thirty thousand dollars were subscribed by individuals for the statue; and the pedestal was provided for by legislative appropriation. The sculptor, who at once began his labor in Italy, is R. H. Parks, from whose hands came the Juneau monument at Milwaukee, and several other excellent public works in various parts of the United States. The pictures on this page convey a better idea of the details of the structure than any verbal description can. The main statue, which is of bronze, is about fourteen feet high, and the accompanying figures of Justice and History ten feet each. The pedestal, of red granite, is twenty-six feet in height; the whole rising to an elevation of forty feet. It stands in the southeast corner of the spacious grounds around the Capitol, right in the line of approach to that building from Washington Street.

The occasion of the unveiling will be one of marked interest in Indianapolis, and will attract considerable attention throughout the State. The late Vice-President was an unexceptionable example of the trite political figure known as a "favorite son"—a phrase which has a stronger meaning in the West than in the East. In the former, public men are more in social touch with the masses, and especially with the better elements of the people, than they are in the latter. The interest in politics and public affairs is more general. Mr. Hendricks possessed traits that rendered him personally popular aside from his official record. He had his ambitions, but cherished no animosities if they were balked. Conrad Baker, a Republican, who defeated him for the Governorship in 1868, subsequently became his law partner. His acceptance of the second place on the Democratic national ticket in 1884 was attended by a deep disappointment that he did not secure the first place, and not without an unfounded feeling that he was entitled to it. At least three times he came almost within reaching distance of the nomination for the Presidency. In 1868 he stood second on the first ballot, and only three votes behind the leader. In 1876 he again came near the goal; but Tilden won, and he took the Vice-Presidential candidacy. If the highest honor in the gift of the nation was to fall to an Indiana Democrat, no one but Hendricks, for the last twenty-five years of his life, was seriously thought of as the recipient.

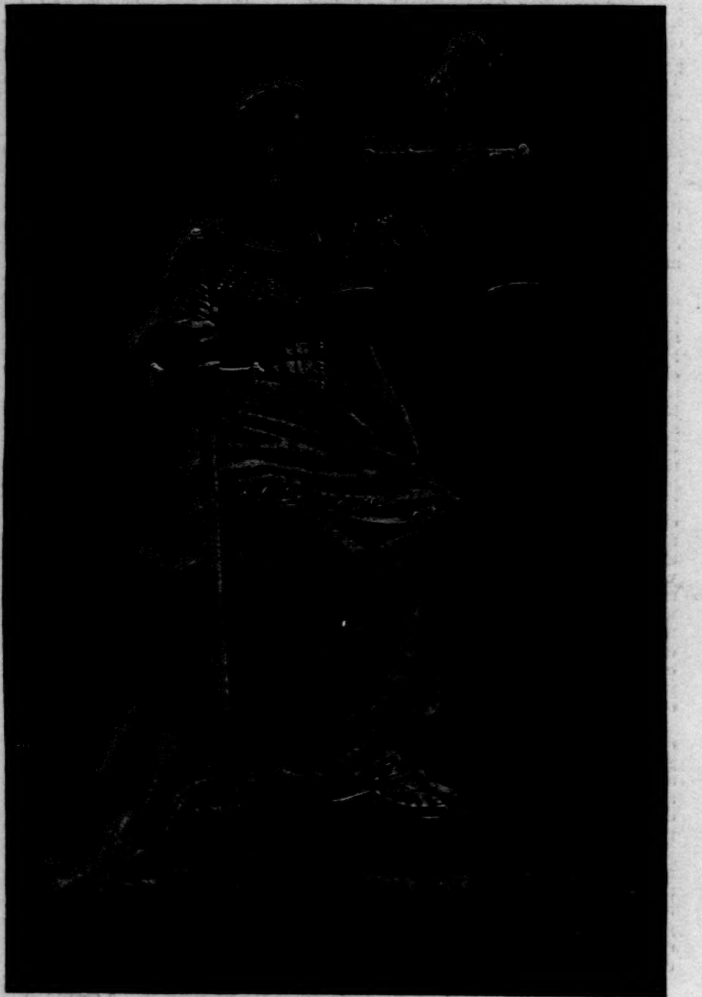
Though born in Ohio, his Hoosierism was not to be impugned. He went to Indiana in 1820, when but six months old, grew up there, and graduated at South Hanover College in 1841. In 1843 he began the practice of law at Shelbyville, and in 1845 was sent to the Legislature. He was elected to Congress in 1850 and 1852, and in 1851 was a member of the Constitutional Convention. During Pierce's administration he was Commissioner of the Public Land Office. In 1860 he was defeated for Governor by Henry S. Lane. From 1863 to 1869 he was United States Senator, and was Governor from 1872 to 1876. His uncle, William Hendricks, represented Indiana in the United States Senate from 1825 to 1837. The name Hendricks came to be regarded as almost an institution in the State.

There was no single act or event of overshadowing importance in the life of Mr. Hendricks that raised him to the marked distinction he enjoyed. He was a man of even abilities, a clear thinker and finished speaker, conservative in temperament, suave in manner, and an eminently prudent leader. His civic virtues were of a high order, and it is to his credit that he died in moderate financial circumstances. He was to the Democracy of his State in his day and generation what his distinguished contemporary, Oliver P. Morton, was to the Republicans; and the fact that his old political opponents as well as his friends will assemble to do honor to his memory at the unveiling of his statue is an eloquent tribute to him as a man and citizen.

Amos W. Wright.



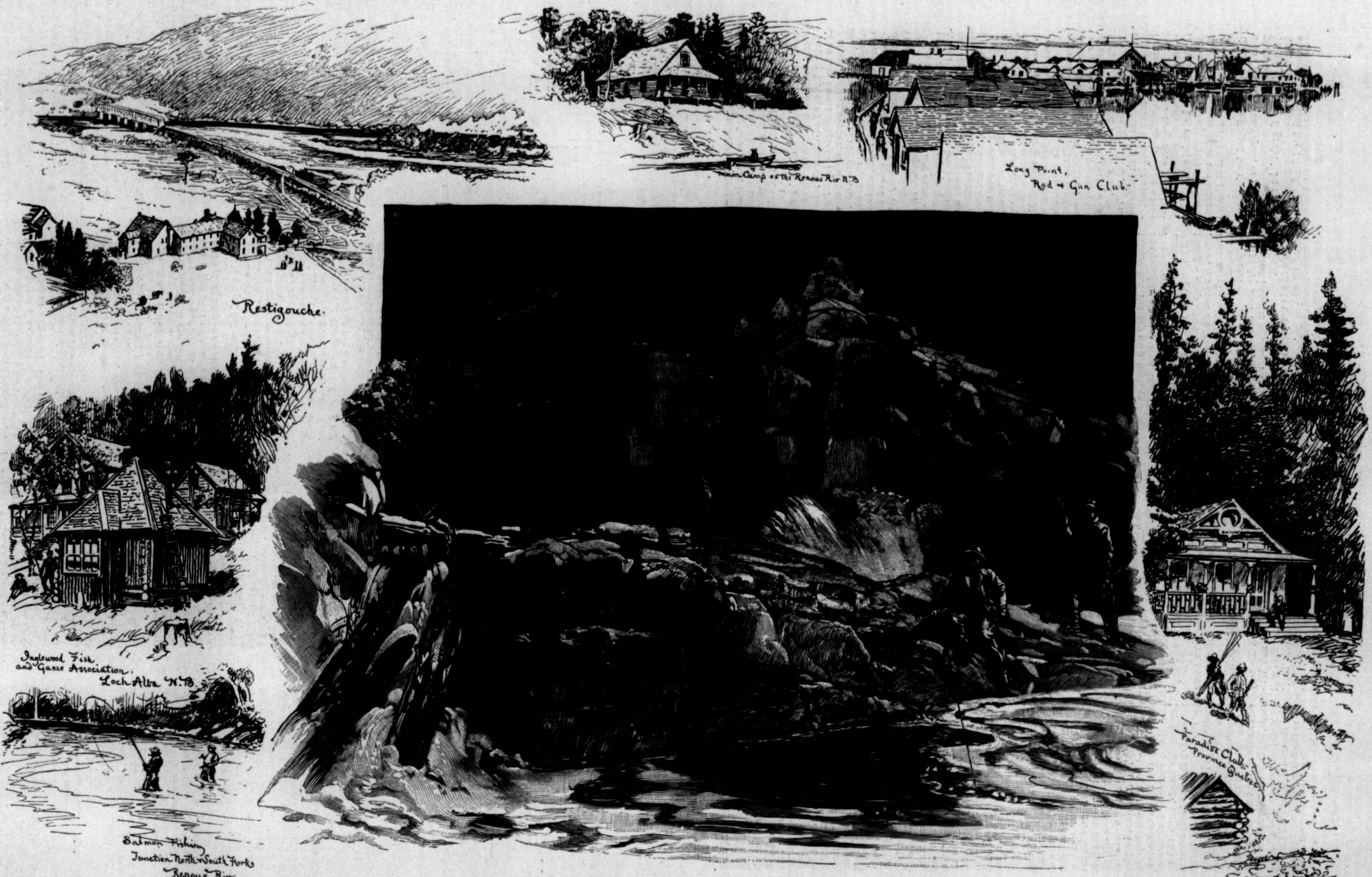
THE STATUE.



ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF JUSTICE.

ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF HISTORY.

THE MONUMENT TO THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, TO BE UNVEILED AT INDIANAPOLIS ON JULY 1.—From Photographs.


main Camp on the Renous Riv N.B.
Long Point, Rod & Gun Club.
Restigouche.
Inglewood Fish and Game Association. Loch Alva N.B.
Salmon Fishing Junction North & South Forks Renous Riv N.B.
Paradise Club. Province Quebec.
W. A. Rogers

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN AND SPORTING CLUBS IN CANADA.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 498.]

AMONG THE CORN ROWS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

I.

Rob held up his hands, from which the dough depended in ragged strings.

"Biscuits," he said, with an elaborate working of his jaws, intended to convey the idea that they were going to be specially delicious.

Seagraves laughed, but did not enter the shanty door. "How do you like baching it?"

"Oh, don't mention it!" entreated Rob, mauling the dough again. "Come in an' sit down. What in thunder y' standin' out there for?"

"Oh, I'd rather be where I can see the prairie. Great weather!"

"*Im*-mense!"

"How goes breaking?"

"Tip-top! A *leetle* dry now; but the bulls pull the plough through two acres a day. How's things in Boomtown?"

"Oh, same old grind."

"Judge still lyin'?"

"Still at it."

"Major Mullens still swearin' to it?"

"You hit it like a mallet. Railroad schemes are thicker'n prairie-chickens. You've got grit, Rob. I don't have anything but crackers and sardines over to my shanty, and here you are making soda biscuit."

"I have t' do it. Couldn't break if I didn't. You editors c'n take things easy, lay around on the prairie, and watch the plovers and medder-larks; but we *settlers* have got to work."

Leaving Rob to sputter over his cooking, Seagraves took his slow way off down toward the oxen grazing in a little hollow. The scene was characteristically, wonderfully beautiful. It was about five o'clock in a day in late June, and the level plain was green and yellow, and infinite in reach as a sea; the lowering sun was casting over its distant swells a faint impalpable mist, through which the breaking teams on the neighboring claims ploughed noiselessly, as figures in a dream. The whistle of gophers, the faint, wailing, fluttering cry of the falling plover, the whir of the swift-winged prairie-pigeon, or the quack of a lonely duck, came through the shimmering air. The lark's infrequent whistle, piercingly sweet, broke from the longer grass in the swales near by. No other climate, sky, plain, could produce the same unnamable weird charm. No tree to wave, no grass to rustle; scarcely a sound of domestic life; only the faint melancholy soughing of the wind in the short grass, and the voices of the wild things of the prairie.

Seagraves, an impressionable young man (junior editor of the Boomtown *Spike*), threw himself down on the sod, pulled his hat rim down over his eyes, and looked away over the plain. It was the second year of Boomtown's existence, and Seagraves had not yet grown restless under its monotony. Around him the gophers played saucily. Teams were moving here and there across the sod, with a peculiar noiseless, effortless motion, that made them seem as calm, lazy, and unsubstantial as the mist through which they made their way, even the sound of passing wagons was a sort of low, well-fed, self-satisfied chuckle.

Seagraves, "holding down a claim" near Rob, had come to see his neighboring "bach" because feeling the need of company; but now that he was near enough to hear him prancing about getting supper, he was content to lie alone on a slope of the green sod.

The silence of the prairie at night was wellnigh terrible. Many a night, as Seagraves lay in his bunk against the side of his cabin, he would strain his ear to hear the slightest sound, and be listening thus sometimes for minutes before the squeak of a mouse or the step of a passing fox came as a relief to the aching sense. In the daytime, however, and especially on a morning, the prairie was another thing. The pigeons, the larks, the cranes, the multitudinous voices of the ground birds and snipes and insects, made the air pulsate with sound—a chorus that died away into an infinite murmur of music.

"Hello, Seagraves!" yelled Rob from the door. "The biscuit are 'most done."

Seagraves did not speak, only nodded his head, and slowly rose. The faint clouds in the west were getting a superb flame-color above and a misty purple below, and the sun had shot them with lances of yellow light. As the air grew denser with moisture, the sounds of neighboring life began to reach the ear. Children screamed and laughed, and afar off a woman was singing a lullaby. The rattle of wagons and voices of men speaking to their teams multiplied. Ducks in a neighboring lowland were quacking. The whole scene took hold upon Seagraves with irresistible power.

"It is American," he exclaimed. "No other land or time can match this mellow air, this wealth of color, much less the strange social conditions of life on this sunlit Dakota prairie."

Rob, though visibly affected by the scene also, couldn't let his biscuit spoil, or go without proper attention.

"Say, ain't y' comin' t' grub?" he asked, impatiently.

"In a minute," replied his friend, taking a last wistful look at the scene. "I want one more look at the landscape."

"Landscape be blessed! If you'd been breakin' all day— Come, take that stool an' draw up."

"No; I'll take the candle box."

"Not much. I know what manners are, if I am a bull-driver."

Seagraves took the three-legged and rather precarious-looking stool and drew up to the table, which was a flat broad box nailed up against the side of the wall, with two strips of board nailed at the outer corners for legs.

"How's that f'r a lay-out?" Rob inquired, proudly.

"Well, you *have* spread yourself! Biscuit and canned peaches and sardines and cheese. Why, this is—is—prodigal."

"It ain't nothin' else."

Rob was from one of the finest counties of Wisconsin, over toward Milwaukee. He was of German parentage, a middle-sized, cheery, wide-awake, good-looking young fellow—a typical claim-holder. He was always confident, jovial, and full of plans for the future. He had dug his own well, built his own shanty, washed and mended his own clothing. He could do anything, and do it well. He had a fine field of wheat, and was finishing the ploughing of his entire quarter section.

"This is what I call settin' under a feller's own vine an' fig-tree"—after Seagraves's compliments—"an' I like it. I'm my own boss. No man can say 'come here' 'n' 'go there' to me. I get up when I'm a-min' to, an' go t' bed when I'm a min' to."

"Some drawbacks, I s'pose?"

"Yes. Mice, f'r instance, give me a devilish lot o' trouble. They get into my flour barrel, eat up my cheese, an' fall into my well. But it ain't no use t' swear."

> "'The rats and the mice they made such a strife
> He had to go to London to buy him a wife.'"

quoted Seagraves. "Don't blush. I've probed your secret thought."

"Well, to tell the honest truth," said Rob, a little sheepishly, leaning across the table, "I ain't satisfied with my style o' cookin'. It's good, but a little too plain, y' know. I'd like a change. It ain't much fun to break all day, and then go to work an' cook y'r own supper."

"No, I should say not."

"This fall I'm going back to Wisconsin. Girls are thick as huckleberries back there, and I'm goin' t' bring one back, now you hear me."

"Good! That's the plan," laughed Seagraves, amused at a certain timid and apprehensive look in his companion's eye. "Just think what a woman 'd do to put this shanty in shape; and think how nice it would be to take her arm and saunter out after supper, and look at the farm, and plan and lay out gardens and paths, and tend the chickens!"

Rob's manly and self-reliant nature had the settler's typical buoyancy and hopefulness, as well as a certain power of analysis, which enabled him now to say: "The fact is, we fellers holdin' down claims out here ain't fools clear to the *rine*. We know a *couple* o' things. Now I didn't leave Waupac County f'r fun. Did y' ever see Waupac? Well, it's one o' the handsomest counties the sun ever shone on, full o' lakes and rivers and groves of timber. I miss 'em all out here, and I miss the boys an' girls; but they wa'n't no chance there f'r a feller. Land that was good was so blamed high you couldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole from a balloon. Rent was high, if you wanted t' rent, an' so a feller like me had t' get out, an' now I'm out here, I'm goin' t' make the most of it. Another thing," he went on, after a pause—"we fellers workin' out back there got more 'n' more like *hands*, an' less like human beings. Y' know, Waupac is a kind of a summer resort, and the people that use' t' come in summers looked down on us cusses in the fields an' shops. I couldn't stand it. By God!" he said, with a sudden impulse of rage quite unlike him, "I'd rather live on an iceberg and claw crabs f'r a livin' than have some feller passin' me on the road an' callin' me 'fellah!'"

Seagraves knew what he meant, and listened in astonishment at this outburst.

"I consider myself a sight better 'n' any man who lives on somebody else's hard work. I've never had a cent I didn't earn with them hands." He held them up, and broke into a grin. "Beauties, ain't they? But they never wore gloves that some other poor cuss earned."

Seagraves thought them grand hands, worthy to grasp the hand of any man or woman living.

"Well, so I come West, jest like a thousand other fellers, to get a start where the cussed European aristocracy hadn't got a holt on the people. I like it here—course I'd like the lakes an' meadows of Waupac better—but I'm my own boss, as I say, an' I'm goin' to *stay* my own boss if I haf to live on crackers an' wheat coffee to do it; that's the kind of a hair-pin I am."

In the pause which followed, Seagraves, plunged deep into thought by Rob's words, leaned his head on his hand. This working farmer had voiced the modern idea. It was an absolute overturn of all the ideas of nobility and special privilege born of the feudal past. Rob had spoken upon impulse, but that impulse appeared to Seagraves to be right.

"I'd like to use your idea for an editorial, Rob," he said.

"*My* ideas!" exclaimed the astounded host, pausing in the act of filling his pipe. "My ideas! Why, I didn't know I had any."

"Well, you've given me some, anyhow."

Seagraves felt that it was a wild grand upstirring of the modern democrat against the aristocratic, against the idea of caste and the privilege of living on the labor of others. This atom of humanity (how infinitesimal this drop in the ocean of humanity!) was feeling the nameless longing of expanding personality, and had already pierced the conventions of society, and declared as *nil* the laws of the land—laws that were survivals of hate and prejudice. He had exposed also the native spring of the emigrant by uttering the feeling that it is better to be an equal among peasants than a servant before nobles.

"So I have good reasons f'r liking the country," Rob resumed, in a quiet way. "The soil is rich, the climate good so far, an' if I have a couple o' decent crops you'll see a neat upright goin' up here, with a porch and a bay-winder."

"And you'll still be livin' here alone, frying leathery slapjacks an' chopping 'taters and bacon."

"I think I see myself," drawled Rob, "goin' around all summer wearin' the same shirt without washin', an' wipin' on the same towel four straight weeks, an' wearin' holes in my socks, an' eatin' musty ginger-snaps, mouldy bacon, an' canned Boston beans f'r the rest o' my endurin' days! Oh yes; I guess *not!* Well, see y' later. Must go water my bulls."

As he went off down the slope, Seagraves smiled to hear him sing:

> "I wish that some kind-hearted girl
> Would pity on me take,
> And extricate me from the mess I'm in.
> The angel—how I'd bless her,
> If this her home she'd make,
> In my little old sod shanty on the plain!"

The boys nearly fell off their chairs in the Western House dining-room, a few days later, at seeing Rob come in to supper with a collar and neck-tie as the finishing touch of a remarkable outfit.

"Hit him, somebody!"

"It's a clean collar!"

"He's started f'r Congress!"

"He's going to get married," put in Seagraves, in a tone that brought conviction.

"What!" screamed Jack Adams, O'Neill, and Wilson, in one breath. "That man?"

"That man," replied Seagraves, amazed at Rob, who coolly took his seat, squared his elbows, pressed his collar down at the back, and called for the bacon and eggs.

The crowd stared at him in a dead silence.

"Where's he going to do it?" asked Jack Adams. "Where's he going to find a girl?"

"Ask him," said Seagraves.

"I ain't tellin'," put in Rob, with his mouth full of potato.

"You're afraid of our competition."

"That's right; *our* competition, Jack; not *your* competition. Come, now, Rob, tell us where you found her."

"I 'ain't found her."

"What! And yet you're goin' away t' get married!"

"I'm goin' t' bring a wife back with me ten days fr'm date."

"I see his scheme," put in Jim Rivers. "He's goin' back East somewhere, an' he's goin' to propose to every girl he meets."

"Hold on!" interrupted Rob, holding up his fork. "Ain't quite right. Every *good-lookin'* girl I meet."

"Well, I'll be blanked!" exclaimed Jack, impatiently; "that simply let's me out. Any man with such cheek ought to—"

"Succeed," interrupted Seagraves.

"That's what I say," bawled Hank Whiting, the proprietor of the house. "You fellers 'ain't got no enterprise to yeh. Why don't you go to work an' help settle the country like men? 'Cause y' 'ain't got no sand. Girls are thicker'n huckleberries back East. I say it's a dum shame!"

"Easy, Henry," said the elegant bank clerk, Wilson, looking gravely about through his spectacles. "I commend the courage and the resolution of Mr. Rodemaker. I pray the lady may not

> "'Mislike him for his complexion,
> The shadowed livery of the burning sun.'"

"Shakespeare," said Adams, at a venture.

"Brother in adversity, when do you embark? Another Jason on an untried sea."

"Hay!" said Rob, winking at Seagraves. "Oh, I go to-night—night train."

"And return?"

"Ten days from date."

"I'll wager a wedding supper he brings a blonde," said Wilson, in his clean-cut, languid speech.

"Oh, come, now, Wilson; that's too thin! We all know that rule about dark marryin' light."

"I'll wager she'll be tall," continued Wilson. "I'll wager *you*, friend Rodemaker, she'll be blond and tall."

The rest roared at Rob's astonishment and confusion. The absurdity of it grew, and they went into spasms of laughter. But Wilson remained impassive, not the twitching of a muscle betraying that he saw anything to laugh at in the proposition.

Mrs. Whiting and the kitchen girls came in, wondering at the merriment. Rob began to get uneasy.

"What is it? What is it?" said Mrs. Whiting, a jolly little matron.

Rivers put the case. "Rob's on his way back to Wisconsin t' get married, and Wilson has offered to bet *him* that his wife will be a blonde and tall, and Rob dassent bet!" And they roared again.

"Why, the idea! the man's crazy!" said Mrs. Whiting.

The crowd looked at each other. This was hint enough; they sobered, nodding at each other.

"Aha! I see; I understand."

"It's the heat."

"And the Boston beans."

"Let up on him, Wilson. Don't badger a poor irresponsible fellow. I *thought* something was wrong when I saw the collar."

"Oh, keep it up!" said Rob, a little nettled by their evident intention to "have fun" with him.

"Soothe him—*soo-o-o-o-the* him!" said Wilson. "Don't be harsh."

Rob rose from the table. "Go to thunder! you make me tired."

"The fit is on him again!"

He rose disgustedly and went out. They followed him in single file. The rest of the town "caught on." Frank Graham heaved an apple at him, and joined the procession. Rob went into the store to buy some tobacco. They followed, and perched like crows on the counters till he went out; then they followed him, as before. They watched him check his trunk; they witnessed the purchase of the ticket. The town had turned out by this time.

"Waupac!" announced the one nearest the victim.

"Waupac!" said the next man, and the word was passed along the street up town.

"Make a note of it," said Wilson: "Waupac—a county where a man's proposal for marriage is honored upon presentation. Sight drafts."

Rivers struck up a song, while Rob stood around, patiently bearing the jokes of the crowd:

> "We're lookin' rather seedy now,
> While holdin' down our claims,
> And our vittles are not always of the best,
> And the mice play slyly round us
> As we lay down to sleep
> In our little old tarred shanties on the claim.
>
> "Yet we rather like the novelty
> Of livin' in this way,
> Though the bill of fare is often rather tame;
> An' we're happy as a clam
> On the land of Uncle Sam
> In our little old tarred shanty on the claim."

The train drew up at length, to the immense relief of Rob, whose stoical resignation was beginning to weaken.

"Don't y' wish y' had sand?" he yelled to the crowd as he plunged into the car, thinking he was rid of them.

But no; their last stroke was to follow him into the car, nodding, pointing to their heads, and whispering, managing in the half-minute the train stood at the platform to set every person in the car staring at the "crazy man." Rob groaned, and pulled his hat down over his eyes—an action which confirmed his tormentors' words, and made several ladies click their tongues in sympathy—"Tlck! tlck! poor fellow!"

"All *abo-o-o-a-rd!*" said the conductor, grinning his appreciation at the crowd, and the train was off.

"Oh, won't we make him groan when he gets back!" said Barney, the young lawyer who sang the shouting tenor.

"We'll meet him with the timbrel and the harp. Anybody want to wager? I've got two to one on a short brunette," said Wilson.

II.

A corn field in July is a hot place. The soil is hot and dry; the wind comes across the lazily murmuring leaves laden with a warm sickening smell drawn from the rapidly growing, broad-flung banners of the corn. The sun, nearly vertical, drops a flood of dazzling light and heat upon the field over which the cool shadows run, only to make the heat seem the more intense.

Julia Peterson, faint with fatigue, was toiling back and forth between the corn rows, holding the handles of the double-shovel corn plough, while her little brother Otto rode the steaming horse. Her heart was full of bitterness, and her face flushed with heat, and her muscles aching with fatigue. The heat grew terrible. The corn came to her shoulders, and not a breath seemed to reach her, while the sun, nearing the noon mark, lay pitilessly upon her shoulders, protected only by a calico dress. The dust rose under her feet, and as she was wet with perspiration it soiled her till, with a woman's instinctive cleanliness, she shuddered. Her head throbbed dangerously. What matter to her that the kingbird pitched jovially from the maples to catch a wandering bluebottle fly, that the robin was feeding its young, that the bobolink was singing? All these things, if she saw them, only threw her bondage to labor into greater relief.

Across the field, in another patch of corn, she could see her father—a big, gruff-voiced, wide-bearded Norwegian—at work also with a plough. The corn must be ploughed, and so she toiled on, the tears dropping from the shadow of the ugly sun-bonnet she wore. Her shoes, coarse and square-toed, chafed her feet, her hands, large and strong, were browned, or more properly *burnt*, on the backs by the sun. The horse's harness "*creak*-cracked" as he swung steadily and patiently forward, the moisture pouring from his sides, his nostrils distended.

The field ran down to a road, and on the other side of the road ran a river—a broad, clear, shallow expanse at that point, and the eyes of the boy gazed longingly at the pond and the cool shadow each time that he turned at the fence.

"Say, Jule, I'm goin' in! Come, can't I? Come—say!" he pleaded, as they stopped at the fence to let the horse breathe.

"I've let you go wade twice."

"But that don't do any good. My legs is

all smarty, 'cause ol' Jack sweats so." The boy turned around on the horse's back, and slid back to his rump. "I can't stand it!" he burst out, sliding off and darting under the fence. "Father can't see."

The girl put her elbows on the fence, and watched her little brother as he sped away to the pool, throwing off his clothes as he ran, whooping with uncontrollable delight. Soon she could hear him splashing about in the water a short distance up the stream, and caught glimpses of his little shiny body and happy face. How cool that water looked! And the shadows there by the big basswood! How that water would cool her blistered feet! An impulse seized her, and she squeezed between the rails of the fence, and stood in the road looking up and down to see that the way was clear. It was not a main travelled road; no one was likely to come; why not?

She hurriedly took off her shoes and stockings—how delicious the cool soft velvet of the grass!—and sitting down on the bank under the great basswood, whose roots formed an abrupt bank, she slid her poor blistered, chafed feet into the water, her bare head leaned against the huge tree trunk.

And now as she rested the beauty of the scene came to her. Over her the wind moved the leaves. A jay screamed far off, as if answering the cries of the boy. A kingfisher crossed and recrossed the stream with dipping sweep of his wings. The river sang with its lips to the pebbles. The vast clouds went by majestically far above the tree-tops, and the snap and buzzing and ringing whir of July insects made a ceaseless, slumberous undertone of song solvent of all else. The tired girl forgot her work. She began to dream. This would not last always. Some one would come to release her from such drudgery. This was her constant, tenderest, and most secret dream. *He* would be a Yankee, not a Norwegian; the Yankees didn't ask their wives to work in the field. He would have a home. Perhaps he'd live in town—perhaps a merchant! And then she thought of the drug clerk in Rock River who had looked at her— A voice broke in on her dream, a fresh manly voice.

"Well, by jinks! if it ain't Julia! Just the one I wanted to see!"

The girl turned, saw a pleasant-faced young fellow in a derby hat and a fifteen-dollar suit of diagonals.

"Rob Rodemaker! How come—"

She remembered her situation, and flushed, looked down at the water, and remained perfectly still.

"Ain't y' goin' to shake hands? Y' don't seem very glad t' see me."

She began to grow angry. "If you had any eyes you'd see."

Rob looked over the edge of the bank, whistled, turned away. "Oh, I see! Excuse *me!* Don't blame yeh a bit, though. Good weather f'r corn," he went on, looking up at the trees. "Corn seems to be pretty well forward," he continued, in a louder voice, as he walked away, still gazing into the air. "Crops is looking first-class in Boomtown. Hello! This Otto? H'yare, y' little scamp! Get on to that horse agin. Quick, 'r I'll take y'r skin off an' hang it on the fence. What y' been doing?"

"Ben in swimmin'. Jimminy, ain't it fun! When 'd y' get back?" said the boy, grinning.

"Never you mind," replied Rob, leaping the fence by laying his left hand on the top rail. "Get on to that horse." He tossed the boy up on the horse, hung his coat on the fence. "I s'pose the ol' man makes her plough same as usual?"

"Yup," said Otto.

"Dod ding a man that 'll do that! I don't mind if it's necessary, but it ain't necessary in his case." He continued to mutter in this way as he went across to the other side of the field. As they turned to come back, Rob went up and looked at the horse's mouth. "Gettin' purty near of age. Say, who's sparkin' Julia now—anybody?"

"Nobody 'cept some ol' Norwegians. She won't have them. Por wants her to, but she won't."

"Good f'r her. Nobody comes t' see her Sunday nights, eh?"

"Nope, only 'Fias Anderson an' Ole Hoover; but she goes off an' leaves 'em."

"Chk!" said Rob, starting old Jack across the field.

It was almost noon, and Jack moved reluctantly. He knew the time of day as well as the boy. He made this round after distinct protest.

In the mean time Julia, putting on her shoes and stockings, went to the fence and watched the man's shining white shirt as he moved across the corn field. There had never been any special tenderness between them, but she had always liked him. They had been at school together. She wondered why he had come back at this time of the year, and wondered how long he would stay. How long had he stood looking at her? She flushed again at the thought of it. But he wasn't to blame; it was a public road. She might have known better.

She stood under a little popple-tree, whose leaves shook musically at every zephyr, and her eyes through half-shut lids roved over the sea of deep green glossy leaves, dappled here and there by cloud shadows, stirred here and there like water by the wind, and out of it all a longing to be free from such toil rose like a breath, filling her throat, and quickening the motion of her heart. Must this go on forever, this life of heat and dust and labor? What did it all mean?

The girl laid her chin on her strong red wrists, and looked up into the blue spaces between the vast clouds—aerial mountains dissolving in a shoreless azure sea. How cool and sweet and restful they looked! If she might only lie out on the billowy, snow-white, sun-lit edge! The voices of the driver and the ploughman recalled her, and she fixed her eyes again upon the slowly nodding head of the patient horse, the boy turned half about on the horse talking to the white-sleeved man, whose derby hat bobbed up and down quite curiously, like the horse's head. Would she ask him to dinner? What would her people say?

"Phew! it's hot!" was the greeting the young fellow gave as he came up. He smiled in a frank, boyish way as he hung his hat on the top of a stake and looked up at her. "D' y' know, I kind o' enjoy getting at it again. Fact. It ain't no work for a girl, though," he added.

"When 'd you get back?" she asked, the flush not yet out of her face. Rob was looking at her thick fine hair and full Scandinavian face, rich as a rose in color, and did not reply for a few seconds. She stood with her hideous sun-bonnet pushed back on her shoulders. A kingbird was chattering overhead.

"Oh, a few days ago."

"How long y' goin' t' stay?"

"Oh, I d' know. A week, mebbe."

A far-off halloo came pulsing across the shimmering air. The boy screamed "Dinner!" and waved his hat with an answering whoop, then flopped off the horse like a turtle off a stone into water. He had the horse unhooked in an instant, and had flung his toes up over the horse's back in act to climb on, when Rob said,

"H'yare, young feller! wait a minute. Tired?" he asked the girl, with a tone that was more than kindly; it was almost tender.

"Yes," she replied, in a low voice. "My shoes hurt me."

"Well, here y' go," he replied, taking his stand by the horse, and holding out his hand like a step. She colored and smiled a little as she lifted her foot into his huge, hard, sunburned hand.

"Oop-a-daisy!" he called. She gave a spring and sat the horse like one at home there.

Rob had a deliciously unconscious, abstracted, business-like air. He really left her nothing to do but enjoy his company while he went ahead and did precisely as he pleased.

"We don't raise much corn out there, an' so I kind o' like to see it once more."

"I wish I didn't have to see another hill of corn as long as I live!" replied the girl, bitterly.

"Don't know as I blame yeh a bit. But, all the same, I'm glad you was working in it to-day," he thought to himself, as he walked beside her horse toward the house.

"Will you stop to dinner?" she inquired bluntly, almost surlily. It was evident that there were reasons why she didn't mean to press him to do so.

"You bet I will," he replied; "that is, if you want I should."

"You know how we live," she replied, evasively. "If you c'n stand it, why—" She broke off abruptly.

Yes, he remembered how they lived in that big, square, dirty, white frame house. It had been three or four years since he had been in it, but the smell of the cabbage and onions, the penetrating, peculiar mixture of odors, assailed his memory as something unforgettable.

"I guess I'll stop," he said, as she hesitated. She said no more, but tried to act as if she were not in any way responsible for what came afterward.

"I guess I c'n stand f'r one meal what you stand all the while," he added.

As she left them at the well and went to the house he saw her limp painfully, and the memory of her face so close to his lips as he helped her down from the horse gave him pleasure, at the same time that he was touched by its tired and gloomy look. Mrs. Peterson came to the door of the kitchen looking just the same as ever. Broad-faced, unwieldy, flabby, apparently wearing the same dress he remembered to have seen her in years before, a dirty drab-colored thing; she looked as shapeless as a sack of wool. Her English was limited to, "How de do, Rob?"

He washed at the pump, while the girl, in the attempt to be hospitable, held the clean towel for him.

"You're purty well used up, eh?" he said to her.

"Yes; it's awful hot out there."

"Can't you lay off this afternoon? It ain't right."

"No. *He* won't listen to that."

"Well, let me take your place."

"No; there ain't any use o' that."

Peterson, a brawny wide-bearded Norwegian, came up at this moment, and spoke to Rob in a sullen, gruff way.

"He ain't *very* glad to see me," said Rob, winking at Julia. "He ain't b'ilin' over with enthusiasm; but I c'n stand it, for your sake," he added, with amazing assurance; but the girl had turned away, and it was wasted.

At the table he ate heartily of the "bean swaagen," which filled a large wooden bowl in the centre of the table, and which was ladled into smaller wooden bowls at each plate. Julia had tried hard to convert her mother to Yankee ways, and had at last given it up in despair. Rob kept on safe subjects, mainly asking questions about the crops of Peterson, and when addressing the girl, inquired of the school-mates. By skilful questioning he kept the subject of marriage uppermost, and seemingly was getting an inventory of the girls not yet married or engaged.

It was embarrassing for the girl. She was all too well aware of the difference between her home and the home of her school-mates and friends. She knew that it was not pleasant for her "Yankee" friends to come to visit her when they could not feel sure of a welcome from the tireless, silent, and grim-visaged old Norse, if, indeed, they could escape insult. Julia ate her food mechanically, and it could hardly be said that she enjoyed the brisk talk of the young man, his eyes were upon her so constantly and his smile so obviously addressed to her. She rose as soon as possible, and going outside, took a seat on a chair under the trees in the yard. She was not a coarse or dull girl. In fact, she had developed so rapidly by contact with the young people of the neighborhood that she no longer found pleasure in her own home. She didn't believe in keeping up the old-fashioned Norwegian customs, and her life with her mother was not one to breed love or confidence. She was more like a hired hand. The love of the mother for her "Yulyie" was sincere though rough and inarticulate, and it was her jealousy of the young "Yankees" that widened the chasm between the girl and herself—an inevitable result.

Rob followed the girl out into the yard, and threw himself on the grass at her feet, perfectly unconscious of the fact that this attitude was exceedingly romantic and becoming to them both. He did it because he wanted to talk to her, and the grass was cool and easy: there wasn't any other chair, anyway.

"Do they keep up the ly-ceum and the sociables same as ever?"

"Yes. The others go a good 'eal, but I don't. We're gettin' such a stock round us, and father thinks he needs me s' much, I don't git out much. I'm gettin' sick of it."

"I sh'd think y' would," he replied, his eyes on her face.

"I c'd stand the churnin' and house-work, but when it comes t' workin' out-doors in the dirt an' hot sun, gettin' all sunburned and chapped up, it's another thing. An' then it seems as if he gets stingier 'n' stingier every year. I 'ain't had a new dress in—I d'—know—how—long. He says it's all nonsense, an' mother's just about as bad. *She* don't want a new dress, an' so she thinks I don't." The girl was feeling the influence of a sympathetic listener, and was making up for her long silence. "I've tried t' go out t' work, but they won't let me. They'd have t' pay a hand twenty dollars a month f'r the work I do, an' they like cheap help; but I'm not goin' t' stand it much longer, I can tell you that."

Rob thought she was very handsome as she sat there with her eyes fixed on the horizon, while these rebellious thoughts found utterance in her quivering, passionate voice.

"Yulie! Kom heat!" roared the old man from the well.

A frown of anger and pain came into her face. She looked at Rob. "That means more work."

"Say! let me go out in your place. Come, now; what's the use—"

"No; it wouldn't do no good. It ain't t'-day s' much; it's every day, and—"

"Yu*lie!*" called Peterson again, with a string of impatient Norwegian.

"Well, all right, only I'd like to—"

"Well, good-by," she said, with a little touch of feeling. "When d'ye go back?"

"I don't know. I'll see y' again before I go. Good-by."

He stood watching her slow, painful pace till she reached the well, where Otto was standing with the horse. He stood watching them as they moved out into the road and turned down toward the field. He felt that she had sent him away; but still there was a look in her eyes which was not altogether—

He gave it up in despair at last. He was not good at analyses of this nature; he was used to plain, blunt expressions. There was a woman's subtlety here quite beyond his reach.

He sauntered slowly off up the road after his talk with Julia. His head was low on his breast; he was thinking as one who is about to take a decided and important step.

He stopped at length, and turning, watched the girl moving along in the deeps of the corn. Hardly a leaf was stirring; the untempered sunlight fell in a burning flood upon the field; the grasshoppers rose, snapped, buzzed, and fell; the locust uttered its dry, heat-intensifying cry. The man lifted his head.

"It's a d—n shame!" he said, beginning rapidly to retrace his steps. He stood leaning on the fence, awaiting the girl's coming very much as she had waited his on the round he had made before dinner. He grew impatient at the slow gait of the horse, and drummed on the rail while he whistled. Then he took off his hat, and dusted it nervously. As the horse got a little nearer he wiped his face carefully, pushed his hat back on his head, and climbed over the fence, where he stood with elbows on the middle rail as the girl and boy and horse came to the end of the furrow.

"Hot, ain't it?" he said, as she looked up.

"Jimminy Peters, it's awful!" puffed the boy. The girl did not reply till she swung the plough about after the horse, and set it upright into the next row. Her powerful body had a superb swaying motion at the waist as she did this—a motion which affected Rob vaguely but massively.

"I thought you'd gone," she said, gravely, pushing back her bonnet till he could see her face dewed with sweat, and pink as a rose. She had the high cheek-bones of her race, but she had also their exquisite fairness of color.

"Say, Otto," asked Rob, alluringly, "wan' to go swimming?"

"You bet!" replied Otto.

"Well, I'll go a round if—"

The boy dropped off the horse, not waiting to hear any more. Rob grinned; but the girl dropped her eyes, then looked away.

"Got rid o' him mighty quick. Say, Julyie, I hate like thunder t' see you out here; it ain't right. I wish you'd—I wish—"

She could not look at him now, and her bosom rose and fell with a motion that was not due to fatigue. Her moist hair matted around her forehead gave her a boyish look.

Rob nervously tried again, tearing splinters from the fence. "Say, now, I'll tell yeh what I came back here fer—t' git married; and if you're willin', I'll do it to-night. Come, now, whaddy y' say?"

"What 've *I* got t' do 'bout it?" she finally asked, the color flooding her face, and a faint smile coming to her lips. "Go ahead. I 'ain't got anything—"

Rob put a splinter in his mouth and faced her. "Oh, looky here, now, Julyie! you know what I mean. I've got a good claim out near Boomtown—a *rattlin'* good claim; a shanty on it fourteen by sixteen—no tarred paper about it; and a suller to keep butter in; and a hundred acres o' wheat just about ready to turn now. I need a wife."

Here he straightened up, threw away the splinter, and took off his hat. He was a very pleasant figure as the girl stole a look at him. His black laughing eyes were especially earnest just now. His voice had a touch of pleading. The popple-tree over their heads murmured applause at his eloquence, then hushed to listen. A cloud dropped a silent shadow down upon them, and it sent a little thrill of fear through Rob, as if it were an omen of failure. As the girl remained silent, looking away, he began, man-fashion, to desire her more and more as he feared to lose her. He put his hat on the post again, and took out his jack-knife. Her calico dress draped her supple and powerful figure simply but naturally. The stoop in her shoulders, given by labor, disappeared as she partly leaned upon the fence. The curves of her muscular arms showed through her sleeve.

"It's all-fired lonesome f'r me out there on that claim, and it ain't no picnic f'r you here. Now if you'll come out there with me, you needn't do anything but cook f'r me, and after harvest we can git a good lay-out o' furniture, an' I'll lath and plaster the house, an' put a little hell [ell] in the rear." He smiled, and so did she. He felt encouraged to say: "An' there we be, as snug as y' please. We're close t' Boomtown, an' we can go down there to church sociables an' things, and they're a jolly lot there."

The girl was still silent, but the man's simple enthusiasm came to her charged with passion and a sort of romance such as her hard life had known little of. There was something enticing about this trip to the West.

"What 'll my folks say?" she said at last.

A virtual surrender, but Rob was not acute enough to see it. He pressed on eagerly:

"I don't care. Do you? They'll jest keep y' ploughin' corn and milkin' cows till the day of judgment. Come, Julyie, I 'ain't got no time to fool away. I've got t' get back t' that grain. It's a whoopin' old crop, sure's y'r born, an' that means sompin purty scrumptious in furniture this fall. Come, now." He approached her and laid his hand on her shoulder very much as he would have touched Albert Seagraves or any other comrade. "Whady y' say?"

She neither started nor shrunk nor looked at him. She simply moved a step away. "They'd never let me go," she replied, bitterly. "I'm too cheap a hand. I do a man's work, an' get no pay at all."

"You'll have half o' all I c'n make," he put in.

"How long c'n you wait?" she asked, looking down at her dress.

"Just two minutes," he said, pulling out his watch. "It ain't no use t' wait. The old man 'll be jest as mad a week from now as he is to-day. Why not go now?"

"I'm of age day after to-morrow," she mused, wavering, calculating.

"You c'n be of age to-night if you'll jest call on old Square Hatfield with me."

"All right, Rob," the girl said, turning and holding out her hand.

"That's the talk!" he exclaimed, seizing it. "An' now a kiss, to bind the bargain, as the fellah says."

"I guess we c'n get along without that."

"No, we can't. It won't seem like an engagement without it."

"It ain't goin' to seem much like one anyway," she answered, with a sudden realization of how far from her dreams of courtship this reality was.

"Say, now, Julyie, that ain't fair; that's purty tough. I—I— You don't seem to understand that I *like* you, but I do."

Rob was carried quite out of himself by the time, the place, and the girl. He had said a very moving thing.

The tears sprang involuntarily to the girl's eyes. "Do you mean it? If y' do, you may."

She was trembling with emotion for the first time. The sincerity of the man's voice had gone deep.

He put his arm around her almost timidly and kissed her on the cheek, a great love for her springing up in his heart. "That settles it," he said. "Don't cry, Julyie. You'll never be sorry for it. Don't cry. It kind o' hurts me to see it."

He didn't understand her feelings. He was only aware that she was crying, and tried in a bungling way to soothe her. But now that she had given way, she sat down on the grass and wept bitterly.

"*Yulyie!*" yelled the old Norwegian, like a distant fog-horn.

The girl sprang up; the habit of obedience was strong.

"No; you set right there, and I'll go round," he said. "*Otto!*"

The boy came scrambling out of the wood half dressed. Rob tossed him upon the horse, snatched Julia's sun-bonnet, put his own hat on her head, and moved off down the corn rows, leaving the girl smiling through her tears as he whistled and chirped to the horse. Farmer Peterson, seeing the familiar sun-bonnet above the corn rows, went back to his work, with a sentence of Norwegian trailing after him like the tail of a kite—something about lazy girls who didn't earn the crust of their bread, etc.

Rob was wild with delight. "Git up there, Jack! Hay, you old corn-crib! Say, Otto, can you keep your mouth shet if it puts money in your pocket?"

"Jest try me 'n' see," said the keen-eyed little scamp.

"Well, you keep quiet about my being here this afternoon, and I'll put a dollar on y'r tongue—hay?—what?—unnerstand?"

"Show me y'r dollar," said the boy, turning about and showing his tongue.

"All right. Begin to practise now by not talkin' to me."

Rob went over the whole situation on his way back, and when he got in sight of the girl his plan was made. She stood waiting for him with a new look on her face. Her sullenness had given way to a peculiar eagerness and anxiety to believe in him. She was already living that free life in a far-off wonderful country. No more would her stern father and sullen mother force her to tasks which she hated. She'd be a member of a new firm. She'd work, of course, but it would be because she wanted to, and not because she was forced to. The independence and the love promised grew more and more attractive. She laughed back with a softer light in her eyes when she saw the smiling face of Rob looking at her from her sun-bonnet.

"Now you mustn't do any more o' this," he said. "You go back to the house an' tell y'r mother you're too lame to plough any more to-day, and it's too late, anyhow. To-night!" he whispered, quickly. "Eleven! Here!"

The girl's heart leaped with fear. "I'm afraid."

"Not of *me*, are yeh?"

"No, I'm not afraid of you, Rob."

"I'm glad o' that. I—I want you to—to *like* me, Julyie; won't you?"

"I'll try," she answered, with a smile.

"To-night, then," he said, as she moved away.

"To-night. Good-by."

"Good-by."

He stood and watched her till her tall figure was lost among the drooping corn leaves. There was a singular choking feeling in his throat. The girl's voice and face had brought up so many memories of parties and picnics and excursions on far-off holidays, and at the same time such suggestions of the future. He already felt that it was going to be an unconscionably long time before eleven o'clock.

He saw her go to the house, and then he turned and walked slowly up the dusty road. Out of the May-weed the grasshoppers sprang, buzzing and snapping their dull red wings. Butterflies, yellow and white, fluttered around moist places in the ditch, and slender striped water-snakes glided across the stagnant pools at sound of footsteps.

But the mind of the man was far away on his claim, building a new house, with a woman's advice and presence.

It was a windless night. The katydids and an occasional cricket were the only sounds Rob could hear as he stood beside his team and strained his ear to listen. At long intervals a little breeze ran through the corn like a swift serpent, bringing to the nostrils the sappy smell of the growing corn. The horses stamped uneasily as the mosquitoes settled on their shining limbs. The sky was full of stars, but there was no moon.

"What if she don't come?" he thought. "Or *can't* come? I can't stand that. I'll go to the old man, an' say, 'Looky here—' 'Sh!"

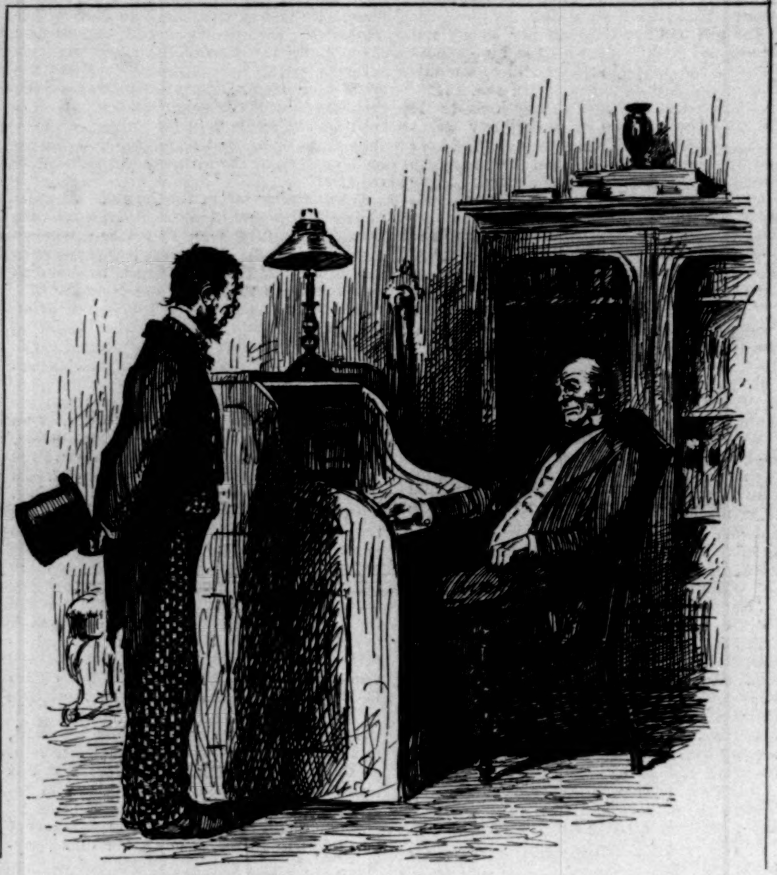
He listened again. There was a rustling in the corn. It was not like the fitful movement of the wind; it was steady, slower, and approaching. It ceased. He whistled the wailing, sweet cry of the prairie-chicken. Then a figure came out into the road—a woman—Julia!

He took her in his arms as she came panting up to him.

"Rob!"

"Julyie!"

A few words, the dull tread of swift horses, the rising of a silent train of dust, and then the wind wandered in the growing corn. The dust fell, a dog barked down the road, and the katydids sang to the liquid contralto of the river in its shallows.



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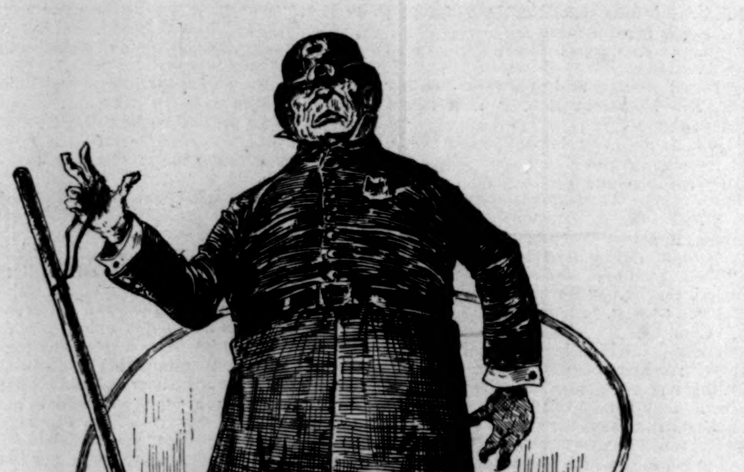
PAT. "Yis, sorr."
HOLLINGSWORTH. "Where did you get it?"
PAT. "Oi was a spile-droiver in th' Boshtan Back Bay for two years, sorr."



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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

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DAVIDS ISLAND.

THE ENLISTED MAN OF THE ARMY.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

SMALL as is the army of the United States, it is constantly receiving recruits. If there were no desertions, deaths, or other causes diminishing the rank and file, one-fifth of the effective strength of the service would be annually lost by expiration of the terms of enlistment. As a matter of fact, more than one-fifth of the army is enlisted each year. In 1884 the enlistments were 8775; in 1885, 7164; in 1886, 5327; in 1887, 6168; in 1888, 6693. The present organization of the army demands at least 40,000 enlisted men, while there is a staff organization for 100,000. The limit of 25,000 was first set in an appropriation bill, and has governed ever since. This small body of troops, necessarily having a sufficient number of officers to command a force four times as large, is not only without proper arms, but it is too small to form even the nucleus of an important modern army, while its service is not tempting to men of keen intelligence, the kind of men who must be depended on in the warfare of the future, when the inspiration of courage and confidence that is derived from the touching of elbows will be lacking. It is true that the service secures men of excellent military capacity; and, as a rule, it is probably also true that the general character of the rank and file of the American army is higher than that of any other army in the world, except the German army, in which service is compulsory, in a country where public education is thorough and universal. It is fair to state that American officers who have visited Germany professionally assert that their own men are superior to the German soldiers. However that may be, it is sufficient to know that the American soldier is an excellent specimen of his kind, and it is also true that the very best of the enlisted men remain in the army and often re-enlist. And yet, notwithstanding the apparent paradox, the service does not prove congenial to young soldiers, and this is shown by the very large number of desertions that take place, concerning which there is a discussion in nearly every annual report of division and departmental commanders.

It is the purpose of this article to explain the method by which recruits are obtained for the army, instructed in the duties of soldiers, assigned to regiments and companies, and to follow this with an explanation of the condition of the enlisted man when he reaches the post at which his company is stationed, and is actually a United States soldier.

At the lower end of Long Island Sound, a few miles above Fort Schuyler, which commands the narrow passage connecting the Sound with the East River, is a group of islands. The largest of these is Hart's, formerly a United States military station, under the jurisdiction of the city of New York; Hunter's is the most northerly bit of land in the new Pelham Bay Park; Glen is a summer resort; Davids Island is named from a previous owner, Mr. Thaddeus Davids. It is about twenty-five miles from the Battery, and one and a half miles from the village of New Rochelle, which is on the main shore opposite. It is owned by the government, and is the eastern depot for the recruiting service. There are three depots—two for the general service, at Davids Island and Columbus Barracks, Ohio; and one for the mounted service at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. There are a number of rendezvouses from which recruits are sent to the depots, where they are instructed, and from which they are forwarded to permanent commands. A rendezvous is a recruiting office, the place where enlistments are made. It is under the command of a commissioned officer, who has two or three enlisted men under him, who drum up recruits and do guard and police duty at the rendezvous. A sergeant conducts the recruits to the depot. The latter is under the command of a field officer, with a complement of staff and line officers.

The work of recruiting for the infantry and artillery comes within the jurisdiction of the infantry arm of the service. There are twenty-five regiments of infantry, and each year a line officer from each of half the regiments is detailed for this duty, the odd and even numbered regiments alternating in furnishing the yearly quota. The tour of duty being two years, there are always twenty-five infantry officers serving on regular recruiting details, while there are a number of others who are serving on special details, some of which are obtained by the favoritism and by the civilian interference with the military functions of the army, which has already been described in these columns in an article entitled "The Army and the Politicians." The officers are stationed both at the depot and at the rendezvouses. The whole recruiting service is in charge of a superintendent, with head-quarters at New York. Details are furnished from the permanent party at Davids Island for the following rendezvouses: In this city, two offices; in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany, Augusta (Georgia), Brooklyn, Boston, Camden (New Jersey), Providence, and Washington there is one in each city. The rendezvouses are not permanent like the depots. They are closed and opened, or transferred from one city to another, according to the exigencies of the service. For example, in 1888 the rendezvouses at Denver, Atlanta, and Richmond were discontinued because they ceased to be productive; and that at Charleston was closed because the army had received a sufficient number of colored recruits.

The depot at Davids Island receives recruits from all the rendezvouses that are nearer to it than to Columbus Barracks. From Portland to the most Southern recruiting station on the Atlantic coast men who enlist in the infantry or artillery concentrate at this place. The island will be recollected by all who were familiar with this vicinity during the war as a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers. Many an old soldier of the war recalls it as the place where he recovered from the wound which he received at the front. It was rented for hospital purposes by the government in 1862, and was thus occupied until the end of 1866. During that period it was covered with wooden structures, some of them very like those that are still to be seen on Hart's Island. For many years it was an uninviting spot; the buildings were dilapidated, the grounds ill kept, the roads bad. Indeed, it is only within two years that any effective effort has been made to add to the attractions of the island; and to Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Mears, of the Fourth Infantry, who recently finished his tour as commanding officer, is due the credit of putting the post in a condition which makes it worthy of its delightful natural surroundings. Roads have been made, the wharves are excellent, the old officers' quarters have been put in repair, new quarters have been built, new well-ventilated brick barracks add to the comfort of the enlisted men.

Soon after the island was abandoned as a hospital, in February, 1867, Congress passed an act authorizing its purchase for military purposes. The purchase was completed in May of the same year, and in April, 1868, jurisdiction over it was ceded to the United States by the Legislature of New York. At first it was used as a sub-depot for the recruiting service, the main depot being at Governor's Island. At this time, from 1869 to 1878, the recruiting service was not as well organized and managed as it is now, and the men who found their way into the army were of inferior character. In 1878 the general recruiting depot was transferred to Davids Island, and in the next year began the work of making the island habitable. Officers' quarters of the kind familiar to all who have visited army posts, a commissary storehouse, a hospital, and a bakehouse were built. Even to this day, however, the officers' quarters do not reflect credit on the government. Some of them are good; two of them are absurdly small; while there is not an adequate house for the commanding officer, who is lodged in one of the houses of the officers' row which is dignified and enlarged by a wing about large enough for a smoking-room for two.

Since 1886, however, to compensate for its lack of generosity to the officers, the government has been putting up fine brick barracks for the men, one building a year. Two of these barracks are completed, and a third is in process of building. They are one story high, with a central building of two stories, on the lower floor of which is a recreation-room, where the men play cards, checkers, and dominoes, smoke, loaf, and invite their guests. This room is a departure, and thus far it has been found difficult to prevail upon the soldier to use it. He prefers his bedroom. The dormitories are the two one-story wings, each dormitory accommodating forty men. These rooms are very high, and the ventilation, as has been said already, is admirable.

Another building is the mess-hall, which is organized on a new principle. Generally in the army the men mess, as they do everything, in companies. At Davids Island there is what is called the consolidated mess. Between the two completed brick barracks is a brick mess-hall, in which 650 men may be seated at the double line of tables which run transversely down the hall. In the space between the tables are tracks. The kitchen, flagged, and scrubbed with all the vigor that can be inspired by the old sergeant who is in command of the cooks and scullions, is in the rear of the centre of the hall. The cooking is done by steam, and the food is carried into the dining-hall by two double-decked trucks, which run on tracks to a turn-table. Then one truck-load is sent one way down the hall, and the other is sent in the opposite direction. Near the kitchen is the great bakery.

In the dormitories are the lavatories for the men, and there is a bath-house separate. In the head-quarters building is the post library for the enlisted men, one of the largest and best in the army. Upstairs in the same building are the records of the recruiting service, so full and complete that it seems a pity that they should be compelled to encounter the risks of a frame building. These records include the descriptive lists and papers of all men who have served at the depot. In other words, there is at the island the complete military history of every man who has entered the army through this depot. The examining-room is in the same building. The parade-ground runs from one end of the island to the other, through the centre. It is a very large plot, for the island, containing more than eighty-six acres, and is comparatively long and narrow. At the southwestern corner of the island are woody rocky heights, and on one of them is a great brick reservoir for the water, which is pumped up from a small fresh-water pond, the joint product of art and nature. The island will soon be connected with the New Rochelle water-works. Along the edge of the island that looks across the Sound to the Long Island shore are the old wooden barracks, still occupied by the men who cannot be accommodated in the new brick structures, and for winter drill-rooms. In the gravelled spaces between the old and new barracks the squad drills of the recruits are conducted. Among the trees on the points already mentioned the recruits who are suspected of harboring musical talent practise their ear-splitting discords, and are taught the various trumpet calls which fill the hours at infantry and artillery posts with music. Somewhere, too, on the island drummers and fifers learn the first lessons in rub-a-dub-dub and blowing, but very few civilians have had the courage to search for the spot, lest perchance they should come upon it, and learn too late the fatal power of invincible noise.

This is the home to which the recruit goes for instruction. He finds there a permanent military party, from which are taken the men on duty at the rendezvouses. There are a number of old sergeants, who are serving their second or third enlistments, and who act as instructors of the recruits. These sergeants either ask for the detail on their re-enlistment or enlist at the island for the purpose of remaining there. As a rule, a company officer will keep open a good sergeant's place for him for a month after the expiration of his term of enlistment. If he re-enlists within that time, he continues to wear his chevrons. If he is a first-rate soldier, with the necessary qualifications for giving instruction, he may procure a detail to a recruiting depot. If he does not re-enlist within the month, he may rejoin the service at the depot, with the intention of procuring promotion and serving out his term there. When he once procures the detail, it lasts, as a rule, during his term. In addition to the sergeants, among the permanent party are the extra duty men—the mechanics required at the post, the depot band, cooks, clerks, and messengers. Then there are the dozen or so of commissioned officers. Some of the recruits have served from three to four months. These are ready for assignment. The number of recruits at Davids Island runs from 500 to 800.

The recruit has enrolled his name at the rendezvous. It is not every man who takes it into his head that he would like to be a soldier who is accepted at the rendezvous. Sometimes very few men are needed by the army, or there are enough soldiers of the class usually enlisted at a particular station. Then the recruiting officer is exceedingly careful. Some of the unfortunates are doubtless convinced that the service is altogether too fastidious. There is no dearth of men in the country who are willing to wear the United States uniform. The applications average a larger number than the legal limit of the enlisted strength of the army.

In 1888 there were 24,710 applications for enlistment. Of these 18,017 were rejected. In the last eight years the average number of applications is 25,661; of rejections, 18,946; while, notwithstanding the large number of men offering themselves at the recruiting offices, the army last year lacked 1800 of the legal 25,000. The rejection of nearly 75 per cent. of the men who apply for admission to the rank and file of the army indicates, of course, not only care in the selection of those who are accepted, but also the low character of very many of the applicants. Many men who apply at the rendezvouses are rejected by the officer in command on their appearance. Brutality and dissipation leave unmistakable signs upon the faces of their victims, and the man who bears them does not get as far as the first surgical examination.

The recruit whose appearance satisfies the officer, if men are wanted from the office at which he makes his application, having given his name, birthplace, age, etc., with whatever of his personal history he sees fit to intrust to the keeping of the recruiting officer, is examined by a surgeon. He is then transferred to the depot, and is once more examined, after having been bathed and vaccinated. When he is assigned for permanent duty, he is examined a third time, in the presence of the commanding officer of the depot. The depot examinations are very thorough and minute, and it may be assumed of any enlisted man who receives his uniform and kit that he is a very good specimen of physical manhood.

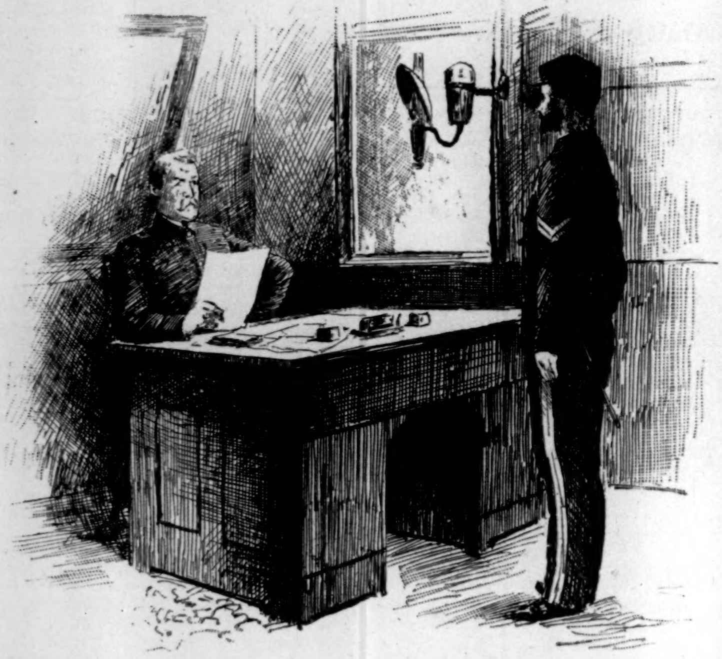
Having been accepted, the recruit at once begins to learn the duties of a soldier. And first comes the setting-up drill. This consists of light gymnastic exercises without dumb-bells, clubs, or other apparatus, and the recruit often receives part of this instruction before he gets his uniform. There are three drills a day, each an hour in duration, and while they are in progress, the recruits may be seen in every stage of soldierly development. The most advanced have their rifles, while the newest recruits are going through the motions which give them their set-up. These last make up the awkward squad. Those who are in citizens' clothes clearly show that it is generally poverty, inability to get on in the world, that drives men into the army. Their garments are in all stages of dilapidation, but the faces, though sometimes deficient in character and sometimes hardened, are generally intelligent, and the new recruit is almost always intensely interested in his novel tasks. He is often found in the hours between drill off in a corner practising what he has been recently taught. It not infrequently happens at Davids Island that a new recruit displays such aptitude for military duties that he is made a corporal within a few weeks of his enlistment.

In an awkward squad some of the men are in uniforms that have not been refitted by the post tailor; some are in ragged citizens' clothes, the coats with frayed edges, the trousers sprung at the knee, wrinkled at the heel, and not long enough by several inches, the hats greasy and worn at the edges, the shoes broken at the toes, while a few are so sleek and well clad as to suggest that poverty is not always the author of soldiers, although it is safe to say that a very large percentage of the rank and file of the army are men who entered the service that the government might take care of them after they were beaten in the struggle with the world. There are cases, however, of the enlistment of men who wish to hide themselves in the army—men who have committed crimes, or who are running away from creditors, or from tiresome or too many wives.

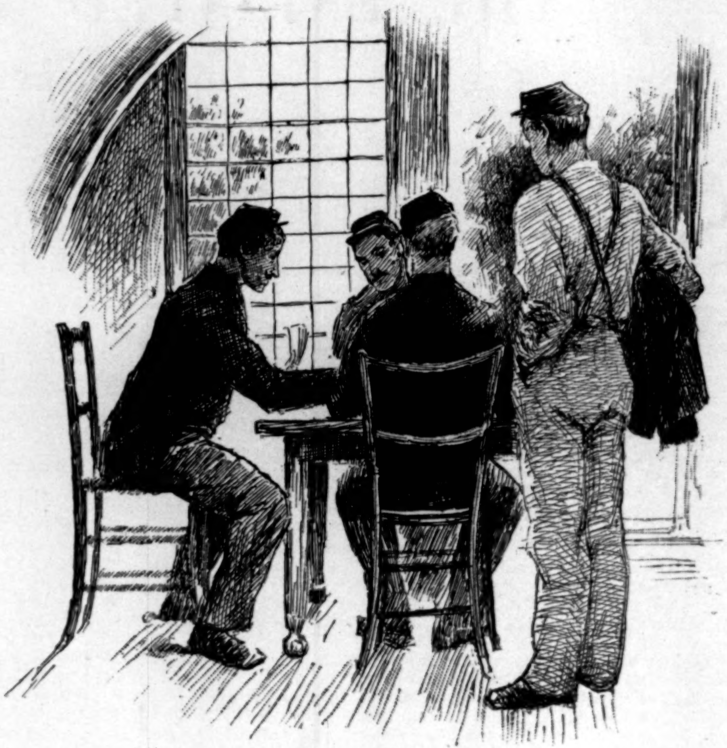
There was a curious instance at Davids Island which shows how undesirable recruits may slip into the service in spite of the utmost care and vigilance of the recruiting officers. A recruit was discovered in the night in the house of his first sergeant, having broken in. The sergeant's watch was found in his possession. The captain of the company examined the thief, and concluding that he was an old offender, notified the civil authorities, with a view of apprehending him in case he had enlisted for the purpose of escaping the consequences of a crime. The result of the inquiry was the discovery that the recruit was a convict serving a term for homicide. He was, moreover, a dangerous lunatic, having fled from the prison asylum. This is, of course, a very extraordinary circumstance, but detectives occasionally find men among recruits who are attempting to evade the police.

The average recruit, however, is a man who is out of employment, who has abandoned hope, and as a last resort, enters the army for the food and protection which the government gives to its soldiers. It must not be supposed, however, that such men enlist with a view of deserting whenever civil employment is offered them. Very few recruits think of desertion. Most of them intend to serve out their terms; and if they do desert, it is not generally because other employment is offered to them. So far as can be ascertained, most deserters have no prospects of employment when they quit the service.

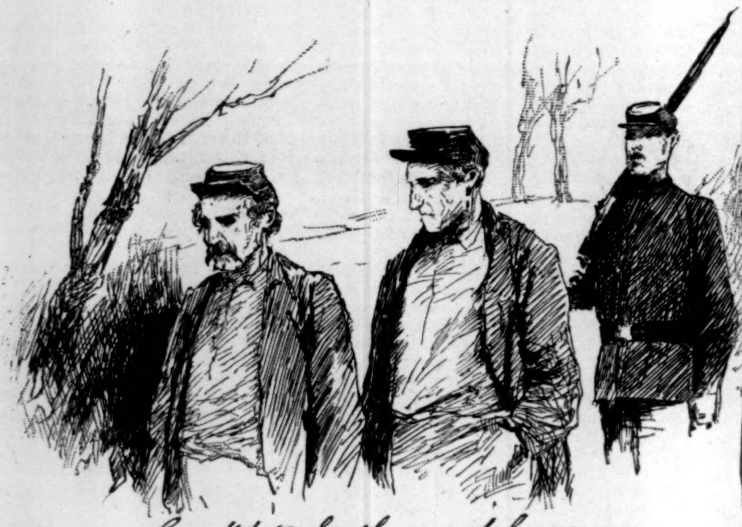
The recruits at Davids Island are divided into four provisional companies, called companies of instruction. The company numbers from 90 to 160 men, being largest from September to February, another indication that most soldiers enlist to be taken care of. They therefore join the army when employment is most needed and also most difficult



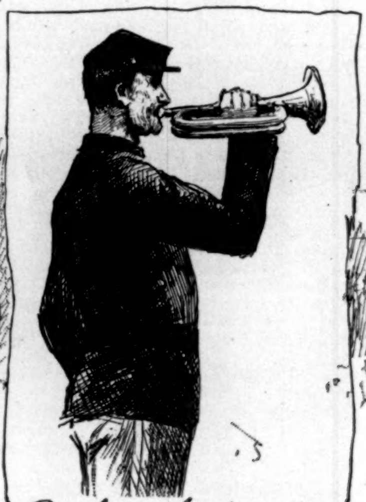
Corporal receiving instructions.



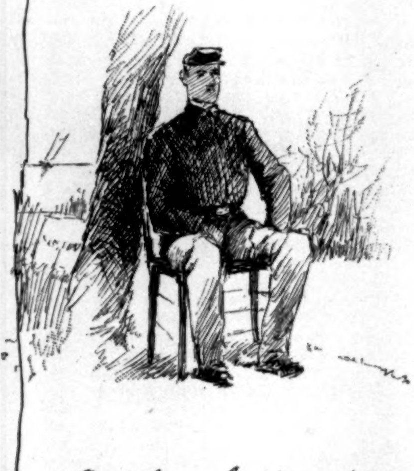
A game of cards.



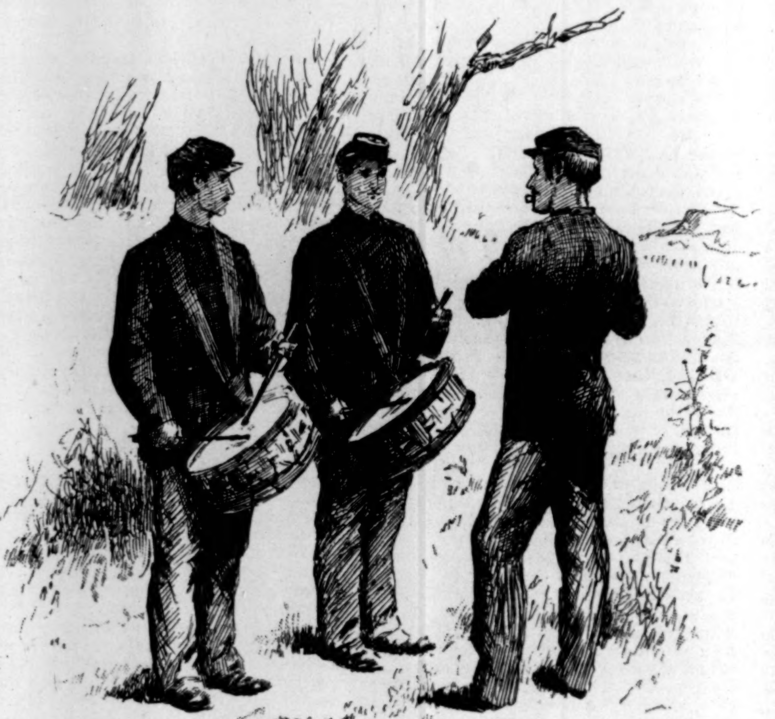
Candidates for the guard-house.



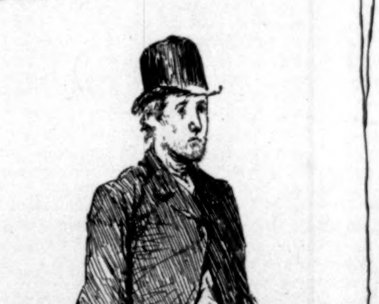
Bugler at headquarters.



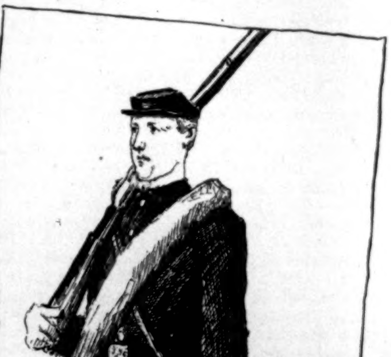
Orderly at headquarters.



Drum and fife practice.

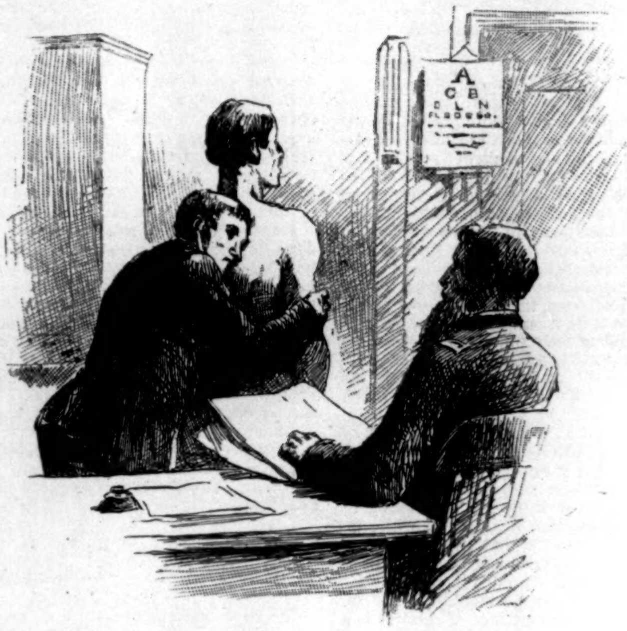


Going to enlist.

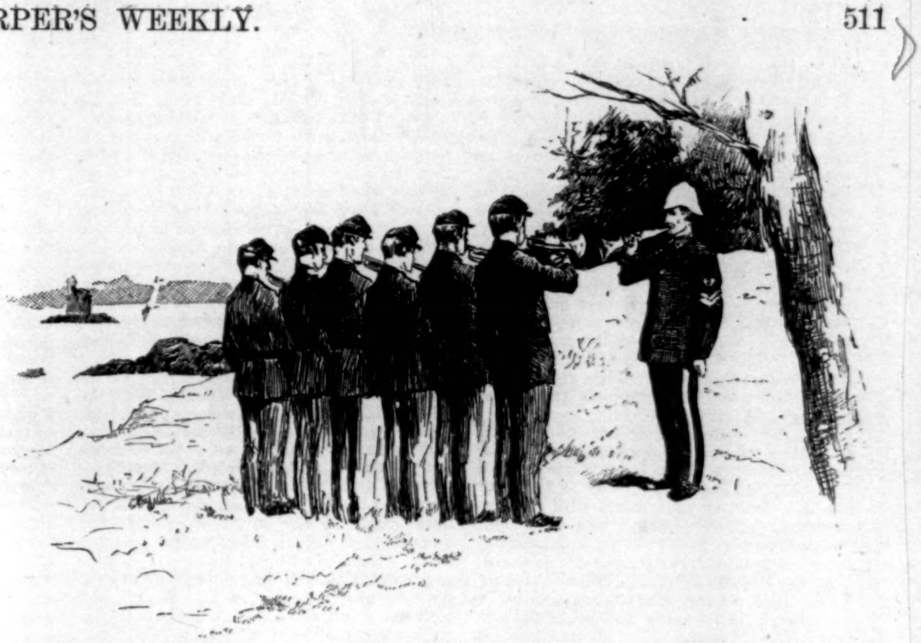


Enlisted & drilled.

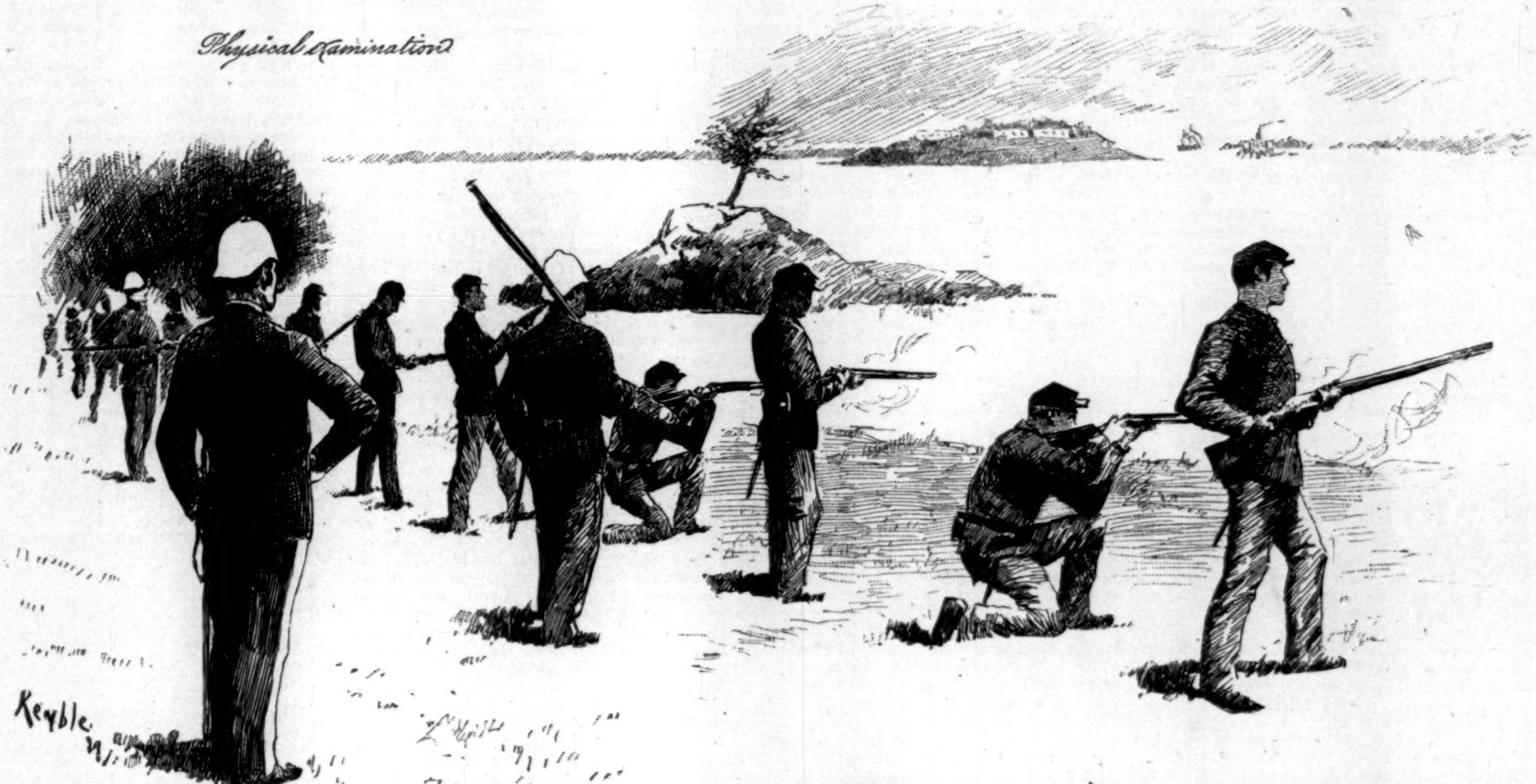
THE TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE ENLISTED SOLDIER.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.



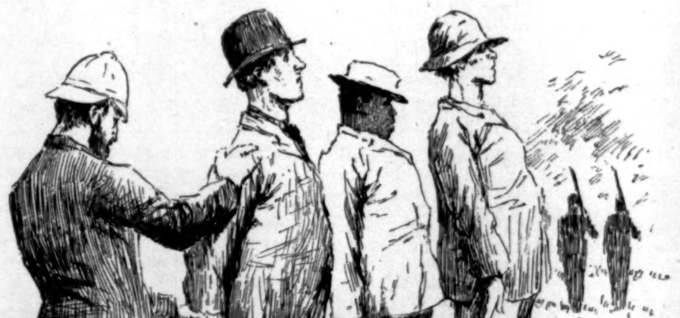
Physical Examination



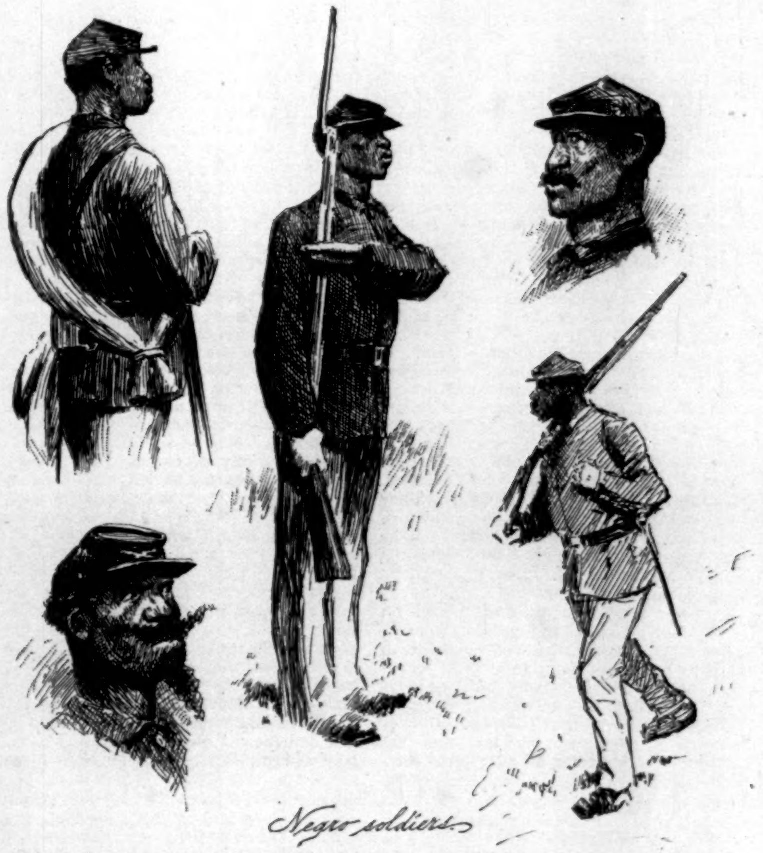
Bugle practice



Skirmish drill, Davids Island, New York Harbor.



First, or setting-up drill.



Negro soldiers.

THE RECRUIT AND HIS TRAINING AT DAVIDS ISLAND.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

to obtain. Each company has a first sergeant, seven sergeants, and four corporals. It is made up without regard to the relative proficiency of the men, and the colored recruits are mixed in with the whites indiscriminately. In the army the two races are regimented by themselves; but at the recruiting depot blacks and whites occupy the same dormitories, march and drill together, and mess together. This is as it is in the navy, black and white sailors living peaceably in the same fo'castle together. An officer who has been on duty at Davids Island for a year recalls but one difficulty in that time on the race question. Only once has a white man fought with a black man on this fundamental issue. There are in each company recruits who have served one, two, three, and perhaps four months, so that the squads of each are in every stage of instruction.

The gymnastic drill, as has been said, is carried on without the apparatus. Thus far the government has refused to provide a gymnasium, although it is one of the most essential features of military drill and instruction. There is not a foreign service which does not count greatly for the muscular development of its troops on the gymnasium; nor is there a first-class militia armory in our own country without apparatus. A gymnasium is one of the dreams of the officers at Davids Island, and it is quite possible that they may soon be successful in obtaining one. There are gymnasiums at a few posts.

After the recruit has been taught the exercises which tend to the development of his muscles, he is advanced to the squad which is drilling in the facings, marchings, wheelings, etc.; and after he has learned this, a rifle is given him, and he is instructed in the manual of arms. At the end of the month he is fitted to do guard duty. The guard at Davids Island consists of five non-commissioned officers and twenty-one men. When a recruit has been under instruction at the depot for three months he is counted as available for assignment to a regiment.

The depot is drawn upon by the service not only for privates and field musicians, which include trumpeters, drummers, and fifers, but for band musicians, who are also prepared for their duty at the post, and for artificers, such as bakers, cooks, clerks, blacksmiths, carpenters, gardeners, plumbers, painters, tailors, teachers, etc. Among the available privates are not only the recruits who have been at the depot for more than three months, but also the re-enlisted men are available after a few days' probationary service at the depot.

The recruit receives his uniform from the government on terms that will be explained hereafter, when the pay of the soldier is discussed. The government has its own tailor shops—the largest of them is in Philadelphia—where the uniforms are made according to certain sizes which are based on carefully prepared statistics. The uniforms are sent on requisition to the depot, and whatever alterations are required to make them fit better are the work of the post tailors. Uniforms are often sent to a post unsewed, simply cut out, so that the work of the post tailors is greatly simplified, while a much better fit is secured. A soldier of the United States army is well or ill dressed according as his company has an efficient or inefficient tailor.

The United States soldiers come from all countries, but about two-thirds of them are native Americans. From 1880 to 1888, both inclusive, the army received 60,435 recruits. Of these, 55,805 were white; 4630 were colored; 37,691 were natives; and 22,744 were foreigners. It is the experience of intelligent officers who have served much with troops that while the men of different nationalities do not differ much in their military capacity, certain general propositions are true. The Englishman is most likely to be insubordinate. He has the habit of pretending to have fallen from a superior station. If he is a deserter from the British army, he is still worse. The Irishman must be closely watched. He is one of the best soldiers when he is good, and one of the worst when he is bad. The Germans and Scandinavians are very trustworthy. The New-Englander is intelligent but opinionated to a degree that sometimes leads him to insubordination. If he is able to control his sprightly independence he is likely to become an excellent non-commissioned officer, and may even secure one of the few commissions that are bestowed upon men of the ranks. The Southerner is more likely to be subordinate. The negro troops are proficient in drill, very docile, exceedingly clean, and are good soldiers. They never lose their fondness for the display of the service. The Northern is better than the Southern negro. The native white soldier is the most restless and the most depressed by the monotony of the army post.

When the average recruit finds himself on Davids Island, he is better housed, better fed, and better clothed than he ever was before in his life. Instead of living in a cheap boarding house, or knocking about from one lodging house to another, he sleeps in a great apartment and breathes fresh air. He lies on a clean iron bedstead, on which there are a woven wire mattress, another good mattress, clean sheets, blankets, and pillow-cases. During the day the bed is always ready for inspection. He has plenty of water for washing, and he is compelled to take a bath at least once a week. Many recruits have not known what it is to be clean until they joined the army.

They are clothed in good and substantial garments, which they must keep brushed and cleaned. When they work, they are provided with overalls and working blouses. It is probable that boot-blacking is a great hardship to many of the men, and it may be that the requirements of white gloves oppresses some recruited souls, but it must be admitted that the obligation of cleanliness tends to advance the civilization of the men who are willing to enter the ranks.

The food of the men is abundant and of excellent quality. It is a delight to visit the mess-hall, kitchen, and bakery at Davids Island, which are now under the supervision of Captain Morris C. Foote, of the Ninth Infantry. The ration of the United States soldier is very much more than he can eat, and the excess is sold solely for his benefit. With the money thus obtained luxuries are purchased. An average dinner at the Davids Island mess-hall consists of a soup, roast or boiled meat, a vegetable, a pudding, a pie. Sometimes there is a stew, in which case there is no soup, and then the men have coffee at the three meals of the day. Ordinarily they have it twice a day. They have meat three times a day. The bread furnished them is as good as can be found on any private table or at any restaurant in New York. It is well made and wholesome, and the only objection that the men can make to it is that it is never served to them when it is hot—an objection that will appeal more strongly to a Southern negro cook than to a healthy stomach.

The recruit is well-housed, well-fed, and well-clothed. He works less than the average laborer, very much less, having six hours off duty; but he is restrained of his liberty. He may go to the library, and read the books and papers, but not many soldiers avail themselves of this privilege. As a rule the recruit prefers to pass his hours of rest and recreation in the room provided for that purpose in his barracks, or at the store of the post trader. He is not permitted to sleep during the day unless he has been on guard the previous night, but he may sit in his quarters if he prefers. At the post trader's store he may buy tobacco and other things that please his fancy or satisfy his needs, and he may procure beer and light wines. The sale of spirituous liquors is forbidden, and the amount of the lighter beverages consumed by the men is regulated by the officers. If a soldier should be permitted to get drunk at the post trader's store, the license of the proprietor to sell beer and wine would be cancelled at once.

The canteen system has not been adopted at Davids Island. That system is simply a co-operative store and club of enlisted men. The capital for its establishment is generally loaned by the officers of the post. One of the commissioned officers is detailed to supervise the canteen, and non-commissioned officers form a committee of management. Such articles as are sold in the store of a post trader are kept in the canteen, and are supplied to the men at a little more than their cost. The margin for expenses is very small, for the government supplies the building, and there are no salaries to pay. Besides the store, a recreation-room is provided at the canteen, which gives to it the character of a club. The system has not been adopted at Davids Island because the men, with the exception of the few who make up the permanent party, do not remain at the post for more than three or four months, and unless a strictly cash system was adopted, which is somewhat difficult in dealing with men who receive so little ready money, the canteen would be ruined by bad debts. At least this seems to be the objection in the minds of officers who are interested in the matter, and who regard the system as a success at regular army posts, where a body of troops remain for several years.

The regularity of the recruit's life, and his inability to spend his evenings where and as he pleases, are the hardships he endures. He is up early in the morning; he is almost constantly under orders during the day; he drills three hours; if the weather is pleasant, and he is so far advanced as to be drilling in the manual of arms, he must be at dress parade in the afternoon; his meals are ready on the stroke of the clock, and he must march to them with his company; he must answer to his name at tattoo—nine o'clock; and he must be in bed half an hour later. In addition to the other material comforts which have been mentioned, it will be seen that he has plenty of sleep, plenty of exercise, and plenty of fresh air. It cannot be denied, however, that to the average American citizen the soldier's life is full of terrible and depressing monotony. The recruit who goes to Davids Island and cannot get a pass until he has been at the depot three months, except for very pressing reasons. He must remain at his post and learn his soldierly duties, the most important of which is discipline and its necessity. He must be taught that he is subordinate, and that his desires must yield to the requirements of the service which he has entered. Moreover it is essential that the recruit should possess moral as well as physical and mental qualifications, and he must be tested in this respect by his three months' service at the depot. When he is finally sent to his company after his instruction is completed, he will be able to procure passes oftener, but even then he cannot be as free as the citizen who has not joined the military forces of the government. He has surrendered part of his liberty.

His compensation is comparatively large, but a good many men who join the army do not consider it as much as it ought to be. Of course there is grumbling in the ranks; there is grumbling every where—at least wherever the English language is spoken. Some of the men do not like their food, many of them complain of the treatment they receive from their officers, and there are as many causes of discontent as there are incidents and details in a soldier's life. Most of the complaints, however, are so absurdly unjust as to be unworthy of a moment's serious consideration. One monumental and overpowering cause of dissatisfaction is the social position of the enlisted man. This is supposed to induce many of the desertions. It is said that civilians look down upon a man who wears the uniform of an enlisted man; that, being in uniform when they are guilty of their social vices, the black sheep of the service give it its reputation. How far this is true would be very difficult to determine. The soldier doubtless demands a better social position than he was entitled to before his enlistment; for he is, in truth, a very much better man. But he is, and must remain, among the laboring classes, and it is very doubtful if respectable civilian laborers look down upon him if he conducts himself decently. If there is really anything in this complaint, it must be due to the feeling of men who are earning their living while retaining their freedom that the soldier has surrendered his independence because he is unable to maintain his place in the struggle for existence and advancement. Of course, the objecting to the marriage of soldiers is a fruitful source of discontent.

So far as money compensation is concerned, it is ample, the soldier being very much better off than the civilian laborer. A private soldier receives $13 a month for two years, $14 for the third year, $15 for the fourth year, and $16 for the fifth year, the increase being paid to him on his discharge. If he is a mechanic or a teacher, he receives what is known as "extra duty pay," which amounts to fifty cents a day, more than doubling his pay. There are some inequalities and injustices arising from the system of "extra duty pay" which should be remedied. A company cook now receives more pay than the first sergeant under whom he serves. Musicians and trumpeters receive the same pay as privates, but farriers and blacksmiths of cavalry receive $15 at the beginning of their terms. The first pay of a corporal is $15, and of a sergeant $17. A first sergeant receives $22; a sergeant-major, $23. The highest pay that can be earned by an enlisted man is $45 a month for the first two years of his enlistment; this is the pay of a hospital steward, who is especially enlisted to perform the duties of an apothecary. A soldier serving his second five years receives $2 a month more than the highest sum paid to his grade for the first term.

In addition, the soldier has his home, his clothes, his food, and his medical attendance furnished to him by the government. If he is ill, his pay goes on, while the civilian laborer under like circumstances loses his time. Any comparison that can be made will show that the pay of the United States soldier is the best which unskilled labor receives in the country, while the advantages of the soldier in quarters, character of food, clothing allowance, and continuity of pay, make him very much better off than a civilian of the same class.

He has a money allowance of $200 for the five years for his clothes, and it is a poor soldier who cannot save $75 of this. He may leave his money with the paymaster, as in a savings-bank, receiving it, on his final discharge, with four per cent. interest. The deposits, however, are forfeited if the soldier deserts. During his service he may attend the post school and receive a primary education, the teacher being an enlisted man receiving extra duty pay. On his honorable discharge he receives the increased pay for the third, fourth, and fifth years of his service, and his travel pay to the place where he enlisted.

If a soldier remains in the service for thirty years he may be retired upon three-quarters of the pay of the grade then held by him. In addition, an allowance of money is given to him for clothing and subsistence. If after twenty years' service a soldier becomes infirm, or if he is discharged for wounds received or sickness brought on in the service, he is cared for in the Soldiers' Home at Washington. For the maintenance of this institution each enlisted man of the army is taxed twelve and a half cents a month.

When the recruit is ready for service with a permanent command, he goes to his company. He does the ordinary routine work of the post. If he is a cavalryman, his life is not so monotonous as that of the infantryman or artilleryman. The garrison work of the last is the most dismal in the army. In the infantry there is sometimes frontier service to be done, but most of the privates of the army pass their time in sleeping, eating, drilling, police and fatigue work, and guard-mounting. It is doubtless this monotony of existence that leads to most of the desertions. This is the contention of Lieutenant McAnaney in the September number of *The Journal of the Military Service Institution*, who adds useless routine and social position as leading causes; but useless routine goes to make up the monotony, as its chief evil is the prevention of the soldier from seeking amusement outside of the post during the hours that he is off duty. There is great relief already felt from the establishment of the field work, which is now pushed with great energy in nearly every department. It seems that what the soldier needs to make him contented is a greater variety of employment. He soon grows tired of company drill, of practising the facings, wheelings, and the manual of arms. He hails any change with delight. The enlisted man greets with joy any order for a transfer. He loves to go from post to post, therein differing very radically from his officers, to whom change means an expenditure of money that many of them can ill afford.

Recruits and old soldiers do not desert. The former are interested in their work, which is novel to them; while the men who have served three years have overcome the temptation to violate their oath to the government. The number of desertions in 1888 from the army were 2436, and the average for five years is 2673. Adjutant-General Drum estimated that less than eighty per cent. of the enlisted strength of the army served out the term or obtained honorable discharges. The other twenty per cent. desert or are dishonorably discharged. The record at Davids Island, however, is very different. For the last five years it has been as follows:

	Average Strength of Garrison.	Per cent. of Desertions.
1886....................	550	4.55
1887....................	607	3.43
1888....................	658	2.77
1889 (9 months).........	601	2.67

In estimating the character of the depot, the excellence of this showing consists in the diminishing percentage of desertions, which is doubtless due to the improved material condition of the recruits. Its bearing upon the general question of desertion lies in its vindication of what has already been said, that new recruits do not desert. It is when the soldier reaches his post that the real hardships of the military life are felt. The novelty has worn off, the routine duties have been learned, and the wearying monotony begins. Then for three years the temptation to desert is always present, and it is within this period that desertions are most numerous. After a service of three years the soldier's life has become so familiar, so part of the man's nature, that restlessness has worn off, and comparative contentment begins. Besides, the rewards of service are then beginning to be reached, and the end of the term is near, when the man can quit the service not only with honor, but with a sum of money in his possession which will support him until he is able to find civil employment or re-enlists.

There are many men who live in the army, who serve one term after another, and are content with no other life than that of the soldier. Here is the record for 1888, which shows how many old soldiers were serving in the army:

Men serving thirty-five years..............	6
" " thirty "	14
" " twenty-five "	55
" " twenty "	493
" " fifteen "	1,169
" " ten "	1,710
" " five "	3,989
" receiving re-enlisted pay..............	456
" " pay for third year..........	4,886
" " " " fourth "	3,236
" " " " fifth "	2,397
Total............................	18,411

Adjutant-General Drum, speaking of this subject, said: "An examination of the data ....shows the continual presence in the ranks of an average of 18,000 men with a service of three years and upward, or 72 per cent. of the legal strength of the army. This fact confirms the statement made by me in previous reports, that the larger proportion of deserters were men of less than three years' service."

There are, of course, various suggestions made to prevent desertions, but with that question this article has nothing to do. The American soldier is well cared for and well paid, but he will continue to be tempted to desert after the novelty of his life has worn off, and until it has become a second nature to him. Deserters are not the unintelligent men. They are the restless, quick-witted, and irresponsible rovers who are always looking out for excitement, and the men who enlist for the purpose of securing transportation to the West, with the intention of deserting. On this point the following note to Lieutenant McAnaney's article is interesting:

"The records of the Judge-Advocate's office, Department of the Missouri, show the following of the first one hundred deserters (in dept.) in 1888, where education was classified by the B. of S.: 15 are reported as 'poor' or 'ordinary,' 67 as 'fair' or 'average,' 14 as 'good,' and 4 as 'very good' or 'excellent.' What a board of officers would call a 'fair' education might be called 'good' by others."

This should always be borne in mind by citizens who are in the habit of sympathizing too quickly with tales of the hardships of the soldiers: two causes for desertion that are sometimes given by men when they are caught may be safely set down as lies—one is "bad food," and the other is "cruelty of officers." Some companies undoubtedly live better than others, but "bad food" is very rare in the army, and a cruel officer is even rarer. Officers are ambitious to be popular with their men, and they do not risk their standing in the army and their commissions by harsh treatment of them.

THE "FOREIGN ELEMENT" IN NEW YORK CITY.

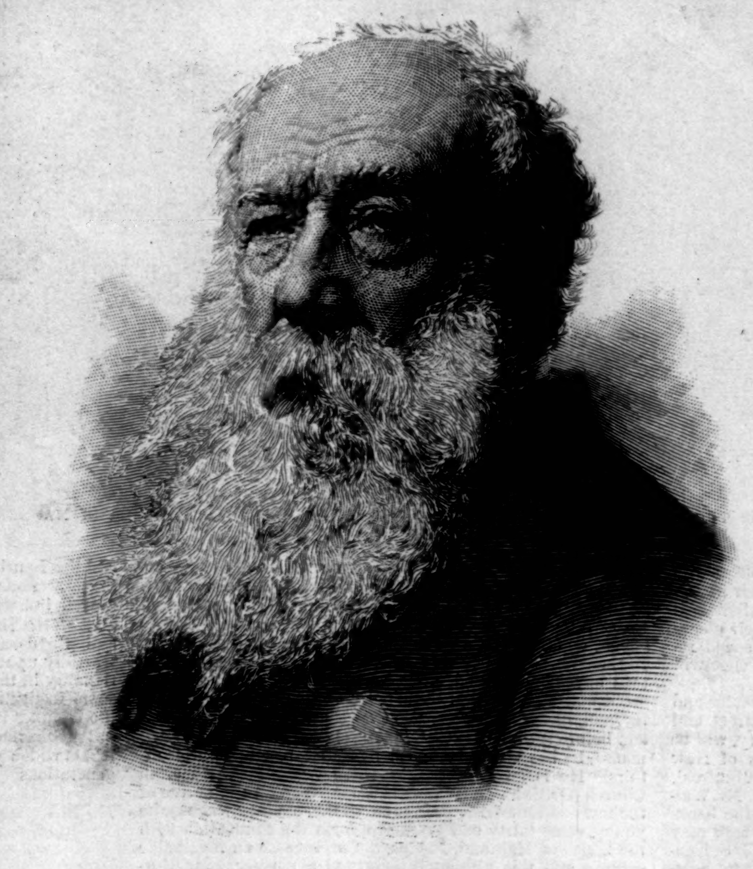
IV.—THE SCOTCH.*

BY JOHN L. WILSON.—ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY W. A. ROGERS, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

AMONG the various nationalities which contribute their quota to the making up of the population of New York city, the most cosmopolitan community probably on the face of the globe, the Scottish nationality ranks among the smallest. It is not strange that it should be so. Scotland has never had a large population. As compared with either of her two nearest neighbors, England and Ireland, with the former especially, Scotland, in point of population, has always been exceedingly small. To-day, with the large increment of Irish in the larger cities, especially in the west, the entire population but slightly exceeds four millions. It has really been wonderful how this small nationality has sent its sons and its daughters in such numbers all over the earth. In every British colony the little kingdom is well represented; and it would be difficult to find a foreign country into which Scotsmen have not forced their way. It is significant also that wherever you find them they are an element of force at or near the front. Macaulay likens the Scotsman, in one of his well-known passages, to a piece of cork. Sink the cork where you may, it will rise to the surface. It is so with the Scot. Plant him where you may, leave him only liberty of action, and he will make his presence felt; he will work his way to the surface of society.

The Scot owes something to nature. There is intrinsic excellence in the race. There is the ring of genuine metal in the material out of which he is made. Whether you regard him as Celt or Saxon, or a qualified compound of both, there is in him superior racial excellence, which time and hard experience, mental, moral, and religious training, have undoubtedly qualified, but have not depreciated. In some of the finer, softer, more amiable, and more attractive aspects of human nature Scotsmen may be found wanting as compared with the men of some other nationalities. But in the various elements which constitute the real worth of the individual man—solidity of character, purpose, energy, resource, determination, endurance, and self-reliance—the typical Scottish man has few if any superiors. He is a debtor to race first of all; afterward to climate, to a niggardly soil, to the Presbyterian Church, and to the parish school. In spite of an inborn stubbornness—an unconquerable unwillingness to be driven, or sold, or played upon, or made use of—he has a faculty of taking advantage of favoring circumstances when they offer; and when he lays hold there is a bull-dog tenacity in his grip. For the use of others, the Scot is not the most adaptable of men. It is to his honor that it is so. For his own purposes, and in pushing his own way, he is adaptable enough. Of the general accuracy of these statements it would not be difficult to multiply proof. In Canada the reins of power have been held by a Scotsman for the best part of two generations. Sir John Macdonald has found but one man worthy to be called a rival, and he has been a countryman of his own. In the older Australian colonies, where they have opportunities similar to those offered in Canada, Scotsmen are more often than otherwise at the summit of power; and they are foremost not so much as politicians, or office-seekers, or self-servers, but as men seeking the welfare and advancement of the colony or community. It is unnecessary, however, to linger in foreign parts seeking examples. We have them in abundance in these United States; and we are far from being without them in the immediate neighborhood, and especially in the city of New York.

In the early colonial times the Scottish settlers and their near kinsmen, the Scotch-Irish from Ulster, formed an important element of the general population; and in what may be called the formative period of the republic they did yeomen's service. Than those of Livingstone, Marshall, Wilson, Hamilton, Gordon, Witherspoon, and many others that might be mentioned, there are no worthier names connected with early American history. In later times they have been less conspicuous in the increasing crowds and the multiplying nationalities; but here and there in town and country, in the State Legislatures and in the halls of Congress, in the various professions, as ministers of the gospel, as physicians and surgeons, and as lawyers, in the ranks of literature, as authors and journalists, in trade and commerce, and in the various branches of industry, Scotsmen and the sons of Scotsmen are giving evidence of the abiding qualities of the race. The nationality is well pronounced, distinct, active, and prominently in view. In the community Scotsmen figure as bankers, brokers, ship-owners, merchants in almost all departments, publishers and booksellers, owners of newspapers, editors and reporters, engineers, mechanics, moulders, brass-founders, builders, stone-masons and carpenters, tanners, gardeners, florists, auctioneers, and in numerous other branches of trade and industry.



WILLIAM WOOD, LATE COMMISSIONER OF COMMON SCHOOLS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

In the earlier days of the city the Scottish element was even more strongly pronounced than now. There were no more prominent men in the city than the Livingstones, the Barclays, the Earl of Sterling—long a figure in New York city life—the Coldens, the Middletons, the Rutherfords, the McAdams, the Johnstones, the Maxwells, the Tillaries, the Lenoxes, the Turnbulls, the Taylors, the Auchinroles, and later the Auchincloses, the Grahams, the Haddens, the Douglases, the Maitlands, with many others, the old names reappearing generation after generation, worthy sons following worthy sires, maintaining the reputation of the names alike in social and business capacities. Among the clergy of the earlier times we find such names as the Rev. Dr. J. Mason, Rev. James Wilson, Rev. Mr. Monteith, Rev. John Bissett, Rev. J. M. Mason, Rev. Samuel Miller, Rev. Dr. William Smith, Rev. Dr. McClelland, Rev. Dr. McLeod, Rev. A. Stark, Rev. Dr. W. C. Brownlee, Rev. Dr. J. N. McLeod, Rev. John Lillie, and a few others, names highly honored while their owners lived, and destined some of them to lasting celebrity. Dr. John M. Mason, son of a Scotsman, but born in New York, was educated at Columbia College and at the University of Edinburgh. He succeeded his father as minister of the Associate Reformed Church, a Scottish organization, and was minister of that church continuously from 1793 until 1810. He became Provost of Columbia College in 1811, but resigned in 1816. He was called to the Presidency of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1821. That office he held till 1824, when he resigned, returning to New York, where, in broken health and a mere wreck of his former self, he lived in retirement until his death in December, 1829. Dr. Mason as an ecclesiastic occupied a place in the front rank of the men of his time, and as a preacher he had few superiors. In 1802 he preached the annual sermon before the London Missionary Society, and in the same year in Edinburgh before the Society for Relief of the Destitute. On both occasions it was admitted Dr. Mason reached the very highest standard of pulpit eloquence and power, and the sermons which have been preserved, "Messiah's Throne" and "Living Faith," justify the verdict. Dr. Alexander McLeod, born in the island of Mull, Scotland, came to the United States when young, studied at Union College, Schenectady, and was pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York, from 1801 till his death in 1833. Dr. McLeod was eloquent and powerful in the pulpit, preached to admiring crowds, and enjoyed a wide reputation. As a writer also he won distinction. He was a pioneer of the antislavery movement when antislavery sentiments were far from popular. Among the physicians of those earlier days were Dr. James Tillary, Dr. Hugh McLean, Dr. A. Anderson, Dr. J. B. Stevenson, Dr. J. T. Ferguson, and others, men all of them prominent in their profession. Up till near the middle of the present century the principal builders in

REV. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., OF THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE.

REV. WILLIAM ORMISTON, D.D., LATE OF THE FIFTH AVENUE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH.

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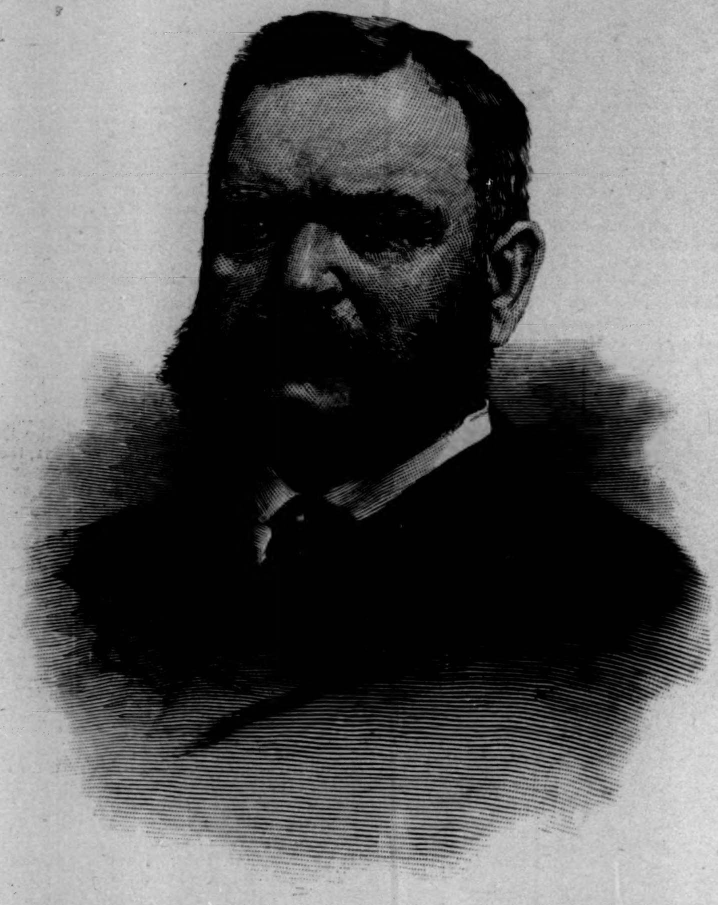
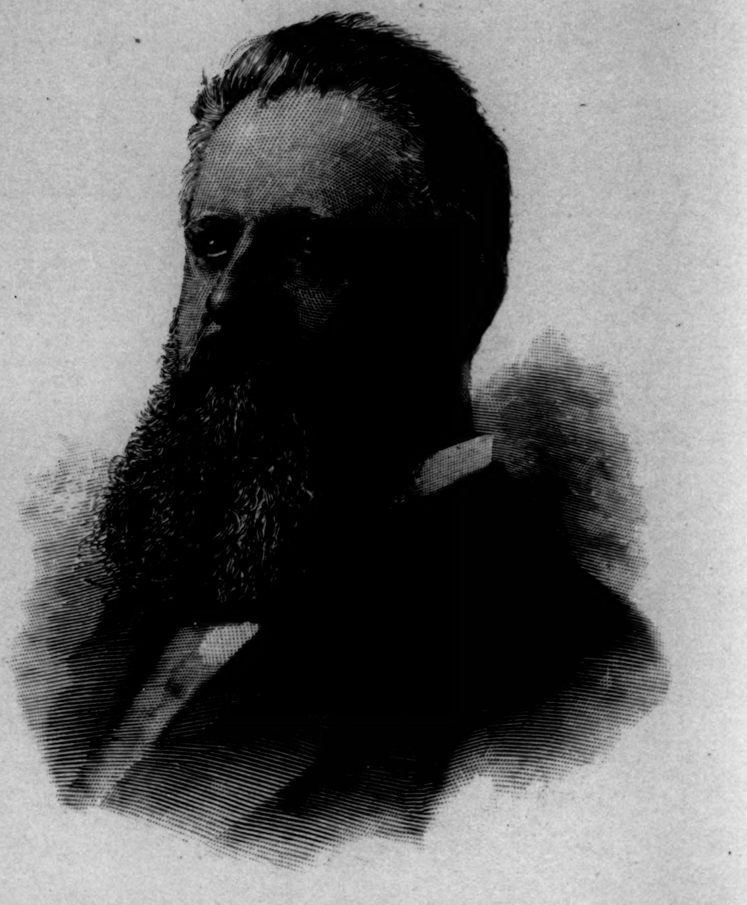
* I. "The Germans," Supplement to Harper's Weekly of August 4, 1888. II. "Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes," Supplement to Harper's Weekly of September 1, 1888. III. "The French," Supplement to Harper's Weekly of January 26, 1889.

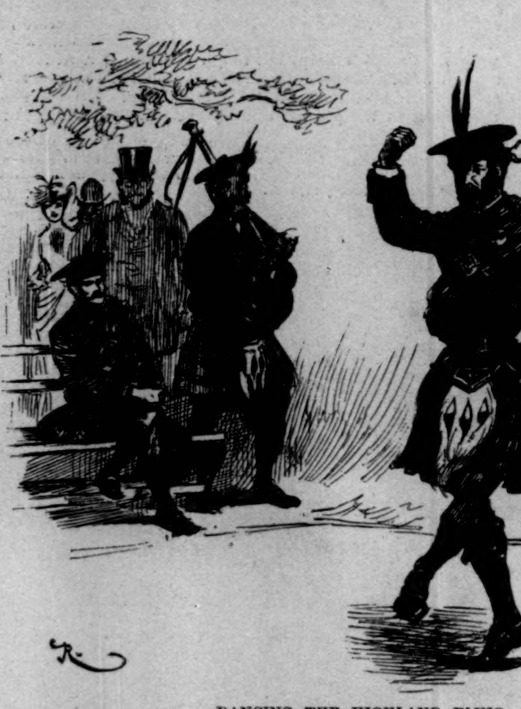


ANDREW HALLADAY, LATE CHIEF OF THE CALEDONIAN CLUB.



WILLIAM COVERLY, NEW YORK MANAGER OF THE ANCHOR LINE OF STEAMERS.

the city were Scotsmen, and in churches and some of the older palatial mansions of our merchant princes their monuments remain in plentiful abundance. In the earlier days the Scotsmen of the city had also their meetings, their places of rendezvous, their clubs, their balls, and their social reunions of various kinds. To these, however, reference will be made later.

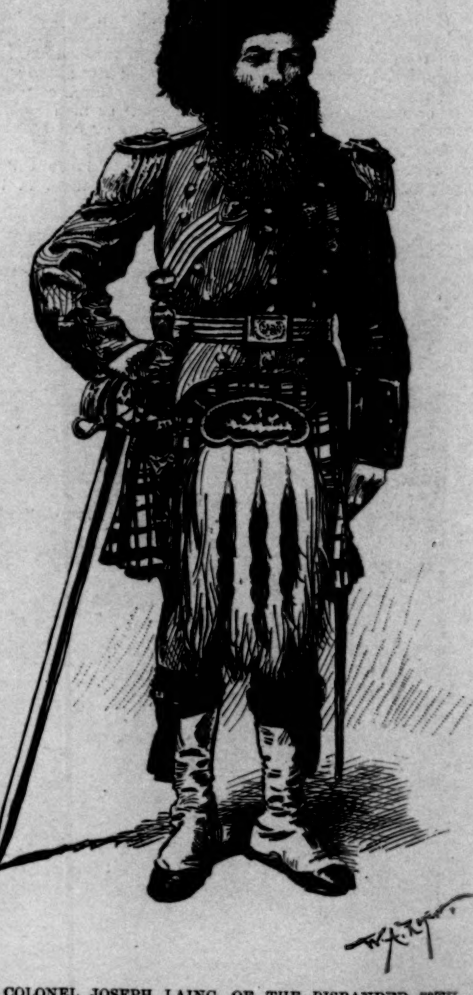


DANCING THE HIGHLAND FLING.

In these later times the Scot maintains his character and position in the midst of us. A visit to Wall Street and neighboring streets, or a glance at the city directory, will be sufficient to show that as bankers the Scotsmen of New York still hold their own. There is the Bank of Montreal, the local agents of which are both born Scotsmen, Mr. Walter Watson and Mr. Alexander Lang. There is the banking house of J. Kennedy, Todd, & Co., a house which may be regarded as a sort of successor to the house of J S. Kennedy & Co., Scottish in its origin, and to a large extent Scottish in its present management. There are the banking houses of John Paton & Co.; Maitland, Phelps, & Co., of which Mr. Robert Gordon, now of London, in the house of Drexel, Morgan, & Co., was long a prominent member; the Canadian Bank of Commerce, with Alexander Laird and William Gray at the head of it, and other houses in which Scotsmen figure as partners or agents. Then there is the Scotch-Irish house of J. & J. Stuart & Co., a house through which many thousands of dollars have found their way to both Scotland and Ireland. Some of the men named above have become more than representative, they are marked men, not only in this community, but in the great world of finance. Walter Watson and his partner Mr. Lang are now the New York financial agents of the Canadian Pacific, and the representatives of other important trusts. Watson, the son of an Edinburgh banker, was bred to the business in Edinburgh, and spent some years in Canada before he came to New York. Lang is a son of the manse, and is a brother of John Marshall Lang, of the Barony parish, Glasgow, the most populous as well as most influential parish in Scotland. John Paton, another son of the manse, was born in Ancrum, Roxburghshire, the original home of the New York Livingstones, where his father was for many years parish minister. In the adjoining parish of Crailing another branch of the Patons have long owned large estates. Mr. Paton was educated and bred to the banking business in his native country, and, like his friend Watson, acquired experience in Canada before settling in New York. As becomes a son of the manse, he has always taken a lively interest in church affairs. He is an elder of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church (Dr. John Hall's). Mr. Robert Gordon is a native of the town of Dumfries. He came to this country when quite young, some thirty odd years ago, formed a connection with the house of Maitland, Phelps, & Co., became an invaluable servant, and was ultimately admitted a partner. Mr. Gordon was one of the most popular Scotsmen in the city. A man of fine taste, and a patron alike of art and literature, his company was courted by men of refinement and culture. To him the city is largely indebted—he was not alone in the matter—for the statues of Burns and Scott which adorn our Central Park. He was, so long as he remained in the city, a representative Scot—prominent in the St. Andrew's Society, of which he was several times President, prominent in the Caledonian Society, of which he was a liberal patron, and an enthusiast in curling and other out-of-door sports popular with his countrymen. The Gordon medal has done much to make curling popular all over the North.

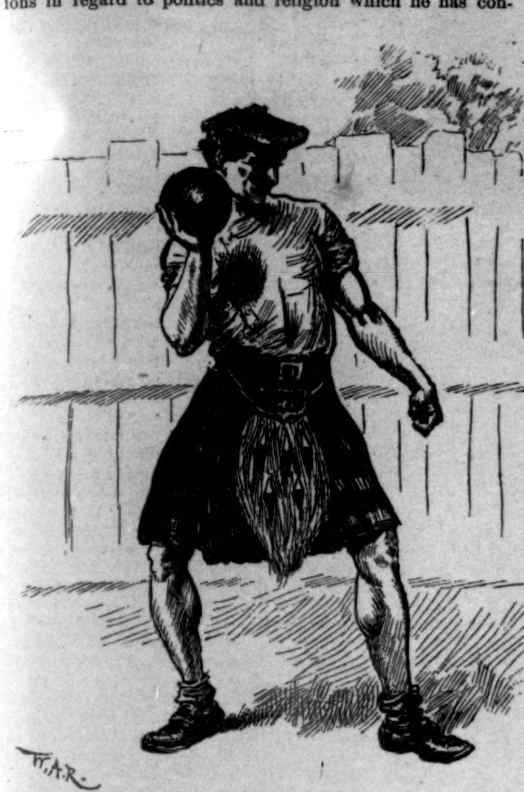
One of the most successful Scotsmen of our time, financially at least, is Mr. John S. Kennedy, long and prominently connected with the city. He is a very striking example of Scottish astuteness. Born and educated in Glasgow, he came to this country first some thirty-five years ago, entering one of our down-town banking houses as clerk. It was by-and-by deemed advisable to make him partner, and it was not many years afterward when he was able to strike out for himself. A succession of golden opportunities came to him in iron speculation, first in connection with the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railroad, and later in connection with the Canadian Pacific, of which he became a director. For some years he was the acknowledged representative of that road in this section of the country. He has now to a large extent retired from business, enjoying somewhat of rest after his gigantic labors. But he has made his millions, of which he makes fairly generous use. He was never a noisy or demonstrative speculator. But you have only to look at his large head, his keen eye, his firmset mouth, and to observe his impatience of whatever is irrelevant to the matter in hand, to discover that you are in the presence of no ordinary man—of a man full of purpose and energy, a man who sees broadly and clearly, who decides quickly, and whose courage and endurance are always equal to the occasion.

It would not be difficult to multiply names taken from almost every department of business and intellectual activity. Time would fail to tell of the Lenoxes and the Irvins and the Lauries and the Sloanes and the Whitewrights and the Morrisons, and the others who have been recently removed, but who have left enduring memorials behind them; and of the Brands and Frazers and Lyalls and Callenders and Boyds, and many others who remain, and who are worthily upholding the good reputation of the Scottish nationality in the midst of us. But there are some names and some institutions which it is necessary to emphasize. On the Lenoxes it is the less necessary to dwell that they have left noble and enduring monuments behind them—monuments which will carry blessings with them to many coming generations Laurie and Sloane and Whitewright and Mor-

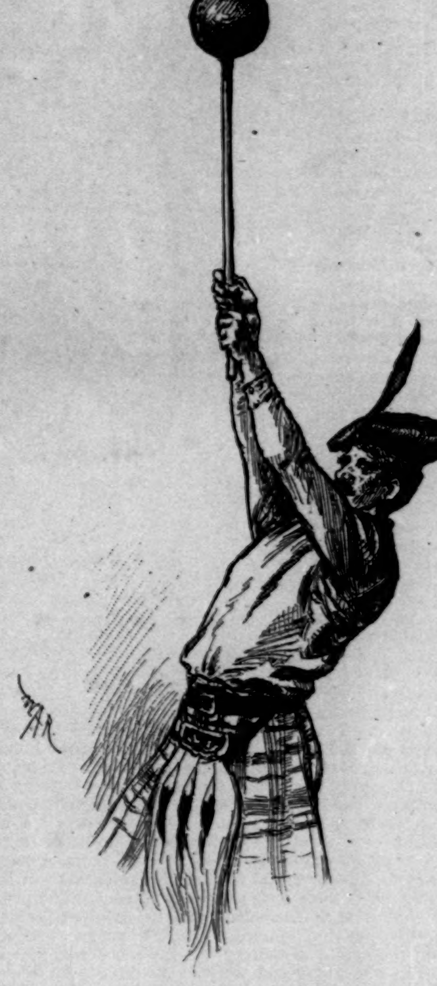


COLONEL JOSEPH LAING, OF THE DISBANDED 79TH REGIMENT OF SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS, N.Y.S.N.G.

rison will be remembered, among other things, for their bequests to the St. Andrew's Society. But there are living Scotsmen who are building up great industries and great reputations, and there are institutions of which Scotsmen have just reason to be proud.



PUTTING THE STONE.

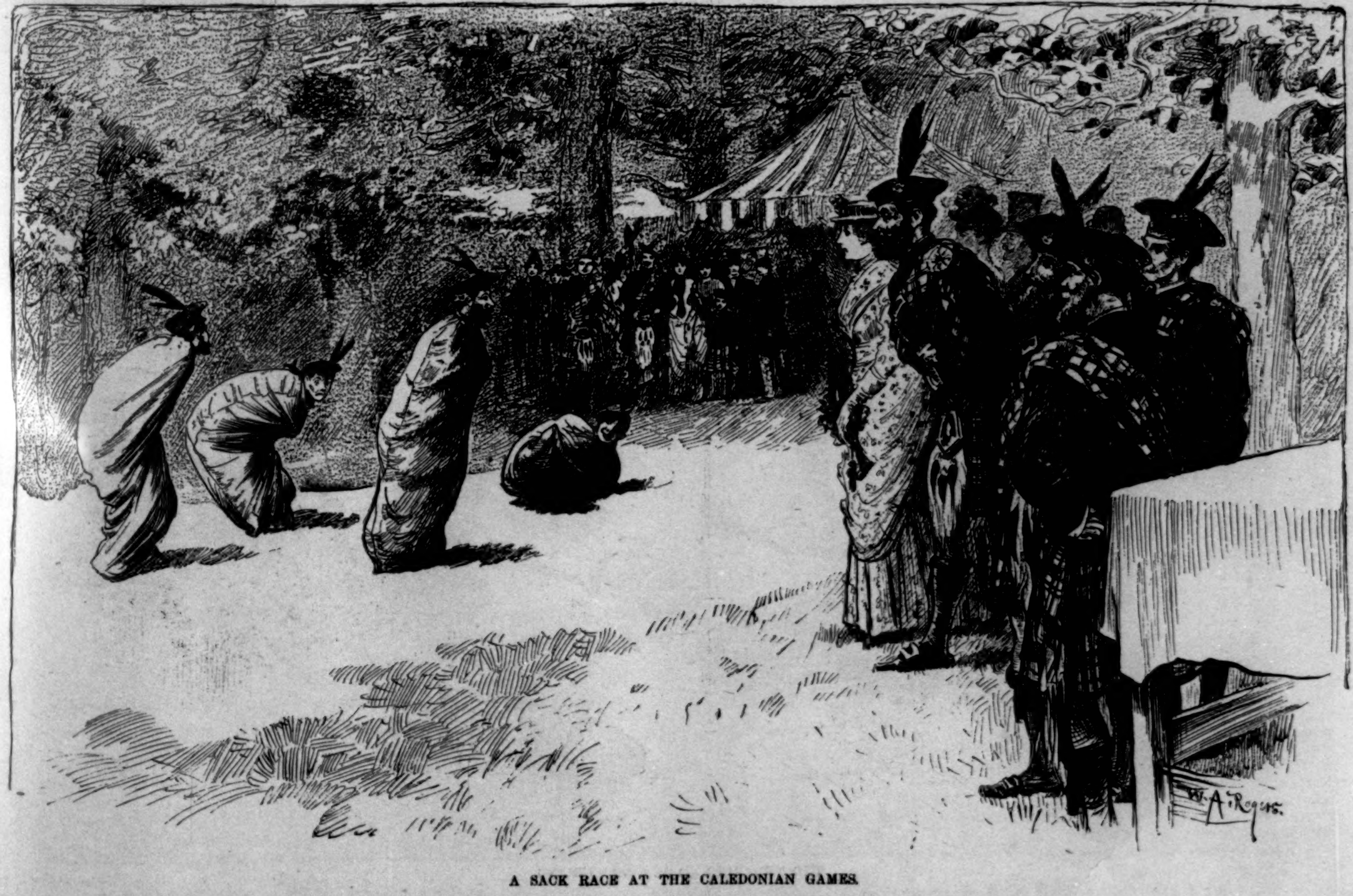


THROWING THE HAMMER.

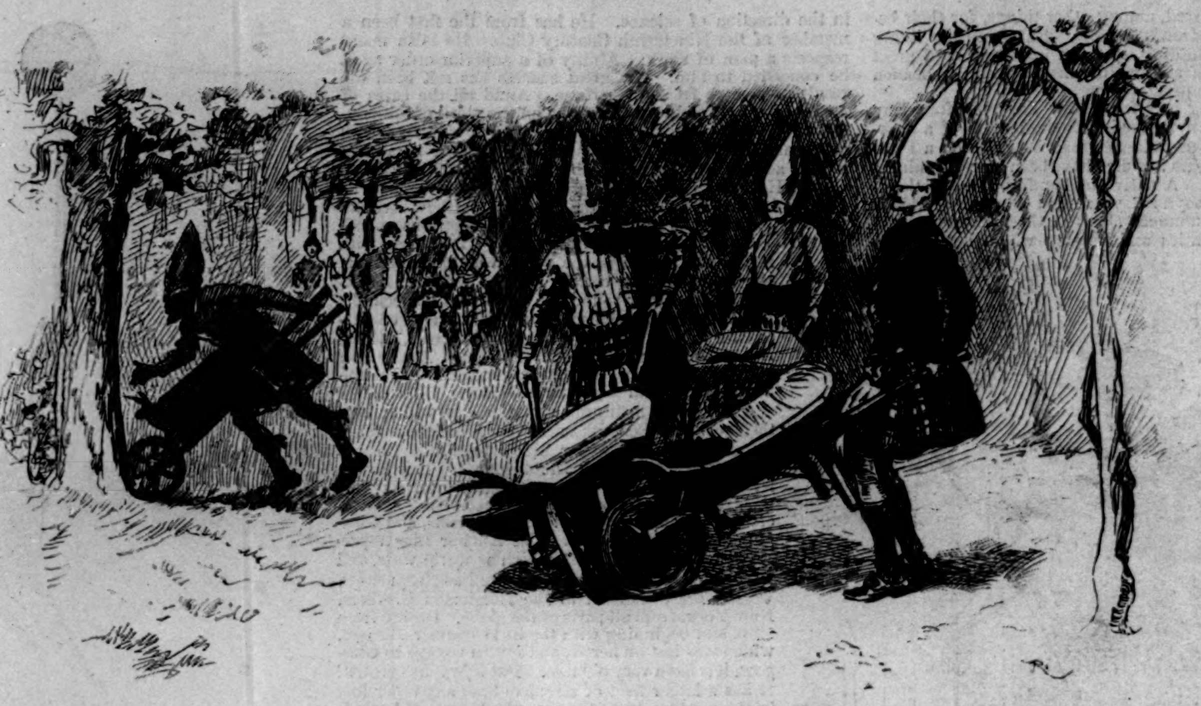
Pittsburgh is a long way from New York, but for many years past Mr. Andrew Carnegie has been more of a New-Yorker in the matter of residence than he has been a Pittsburgher, and of late years few men have been more prominent in New York society. A native of Dunfermline, Scotland, where he spent his boyhood years, and where he imbibed from his father, a pronounced Chartist, those extreme opinions in regard to politics and religion which he has continued through life so far somewhat ostentatiously to profess, he came to this country when quite young, and had to push his own way. Accident or fortune led him in the direction of telegraphy. Brought into contact with some railroad magnates, he was found useful, and won their confidence. We soon find him drifting into the iron trade. Success was rapid. His works at Pittsburgh are now among the largest in the world. His wealth is enormous; away up in the millions. He is an avowed anti-royalist, a declared friend of popular government, a patron of education, and a liberal benefactor of public institutions. His gifts in educational and scientific directions have been numerous both in this country and in the land of his birth, and they have been princely as well as numerous. He is a disciple of Herbert Spencer, and his hopes for humanity lie in the direction of science. He has from the first been a member of the Nineteenth Century Club. He is in many respects a man of mark. Ability of a superior order must be conceded to him. His great success has not been the result of a mere freak of fortune. Amid all the cares of business he has found time to carry on the work of self-education. He speaks and writes the English language with grace and fluency. Culture must be conceded to a man who is admitted into some of the best circles of British society. He enjoys the friendship of Mr. Gladstone, and he was on intimate terms with the late Mr. Matthew Arnold. He companions with great men, not with illustrious nobodies. His coaching tour from London to Inverness, with Mr. Blaine as one of the party, was characteristic. His books have a certain kind of merit. His account of his tour round the world was respectable. His *Triumphant Democracy*, a peculiar and characteristic volume, has had a wonderful success. Some recent essays in *The North American Review* and elsewhere perhaps reveal the thoughts and sentiments of the man to greater advantage.

Among the institutions of the city which owe their origin to Scottish enterprise prominence must be given to the Anchor Line Steam-ship Co. It is essentially a Scottish establishment. It is now a large institution and represents many interests; but the great Scottish house of Henderson Brothers covers all other names and all other interests, and Glasgow is its head-quarters. The Anchor Line represents a shipping interest which is world-wide, and which includes sailing vessels as well as steam-ships. Vessels are consigned to the Henderson Brothers, New York, from all parts of the globe. Dating from 1856, and beginning with the little steamer *Tempest*, which was lost on her second return voyage to Glasgow, it is not a very old line. But how it has grown! It has a larger fleet of steamers than any other line in the world. Its red ensign, the banner of hope, is to be seen in almost every great port, and wherever it is seen it is regarded with pride if not with jealousy. It owns a great ship-building yard in Glasgow, and it has intimate business relations with another great ship-building yard at Barrow-in-Furness. The soul of the company from the start has been Mr. Thomas Henderson, who still bears upon his shoulders the responsibilities which are inseparable from the management of this almost overgrown institution. Sons and nephews and other young men who have grown up with the concern—some in Glasgow, some in London, some in Liverpool, some in Bristol, some in New York, some in the Mediterranean, and some in the far East—share the work and help to lighten the burden. The elder Hendersons have made frequent visits to this port, and the younger men have come and gone so often that most of them are well known to us. The first local manager, the man whose name is indissolubly associated with the earlier and rougher years of the Anchor Line experience in New York, was Mr. Francis Macdonald, an excellent business man, an amiable and accomplished gentleman, whom to know was to love. Mr. Macdonald had acquired his earlier business experience in Glasgow. After years of faithful service, assisted latterly by Mr. Coverly and some one or other of the younger Hendersons, he succumbed to consumption, a disease which seems to find some natural attraction in gentle but ardent natures. Since Mr. Macdonald's death, Mr. Coverly has had the principal charge. He is a nephew of the elder Hendersons, a Glasgow man by birth and training, with some experience of Canadian life. As a manager, Mr. Coverly is both popular and efficient. He is known as "the handsome Scotsman," and, truth to say, there is no finer-looking specimen of the *genus homo* to be seen on the floor of the Produce Exchange or among the shipping men of New York. Over six feet in height, of erect bearing, fully developed, with the red hair and clear complexion of his race, he would, one can imagine, in the costume of the clans, present the *beau ideal* of the Highland chief. Mr. Coverly, in addition to some local partners, has always at his right hand some member of the Henderson family.

The Anchor Line has never made speed so much as safety its principal object. Its record is excellent. It was the first steam-ship line which successfully connected the river of Henry Bell with the river of Robert Fulton. It is still the principal line making the connection, although excellent service is rendered by the State Line, managed by the Messrs. Baldwin. It is interesting to bear in mind here that



A SACK RACE AT THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.



A WHEELBARROW RACE AT THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.

the Cunard Line was started with Glasgow money, and that Glasgow had much to do with the Inman Line in its earlier days.

There is another institution due to Scottish enterprise—an institution in which Americans as well as Scotsmen take some pride; I mean the New York *Herald*. It is a purely American institution, but it is the product of a Scottish brain, and its continued success is due largely to the fact that it is run on the lines laid down by its founder. In other hands the New York *Herald* might still be a powerful and useful paper, but it is extremely doubtful whether it would be as great a paper and as valuable property were it torn asunder from its Bennett traditions. There is prestige in the name. The *Herald*, perhaps, more than any other American paper, has a right to be compared to the London *Times*. There are at least strong points of resemblance. In two important particulars the resemblance between the *Herald* and the *Times* of London is wellnigh complete. In both there is a vast amount of latent energy, a vast reserve of force always ready for immediate use. If they seem to sleep, they are only Titans at rest. It was a maxim of the great Napoleon that the art of war consists in having the greatest force at the point of contact. The principle is applicable to journalism, and it has often been put in practice by both the journals referred to. In both cases, also, the property is hereditary. It has come from father to son. The *Times* is the property of the third John Walter; the *Herald* is the property of the second James Gordon Bennett. Hereditary property in newspapers is not uncommon in provincial towns, but it is rare in metropolitan centres. Among the London dailies sales and transfers have been frequent, and the *Herald* is the only New York daily which, like the London *Times*, has passed from sire to son. There is power in continuity of possession if it is accompanied with purpose and a proper respect for traditions. The younger Bennett is in many respects a different man from his father, but he has all his father's devotion to the *Herald;* he is faithful to most of his father's leading principles; he has more than his father's dash and daring; he has the faculty of adapting the *Herald* to the changing wants of the changing times; and it is something for the people to know that the *Herald* now, as of old, is owned and controlled by James Gordon Bennett. It would be a new thing in new hands.

The founder of the *Herald* was in many respects well fitted for his task. He was in some particulars a peculiar man. Peculiarity arose from birth, from breeding, from genius, and from special experience. He was a born Scot, but he was also a born Roman Catholic, and it is probable that there was a slight intermixture of French blood in his veins. He first saw the light in the country of the Gordons, in the north-east of Scotland, county of Banff, in a district, as he was wont to say, which looked out on the German Ocean, and where the people were, for the most part, Catholics and Jacobites. The region is far away from any of the great literary centres, but, being destined for the priesthood, young Bennett was not without opportunities for study. It is easy to understand how, in spite of his Scottish blood and Scottish surroundings, he felt himself intellectually, at an early age, out of touch with the great mass of his countrymen. Scottish history, especially since the Reformation period, was the story of the triumph of the enemies of his creed; and in Scottish institutions, as they were or promised to be, he could have little delight. Nor for the clerical life did he discover any special liking He longed for a larger sphere, for a freer atmosphere, and for unconventional work. In this frame of mind he obtained a copy of Franklin's autobiography, and his thoughts were turned to America. Two years later, in 1819, he landed at Halifax. On his early American experience, which was hard enough, but which was contributing to the making of the man, it is unnecessary to dwell. It was not until May 6, 1835, when the first number of the *Morning Herald* appeared, and was issued from a cellar in Wall Street, that he found his proper sphere and his proper work. The day marks an era in American journalism. How the *Herald* prospered, how from a small sheet it assumed its present size, and how it revolutionized the newspaper press—all these are matters of history. Mr. Bennett was in the habit of saying that the people gave him more credit than he deserved; the *Herald* had grown with the city; it had prospered because the city had prospered. The situation, it is true, sometimes makes the man. It is equally true that the man sometimes makes the situation. More often perhaps there is action and reaction; and there can be no doubt that whatever advantages New York offered to Bennett, he was equal to the situation. A change would no doubt have come over American journalism if Bennett had never appeared upon the scene; but it was reserved for him to precipitate the revolution, and to make it a success. To him, therefore, belongs the praise. His methods are no longer a mystery, and need not be dwelt upon. His radical idea was to make a newspaper. He did not despise the editorial or teaching element—far from it—but news was the first requisite, and the *Herald* must have news, no matter what the cost. This characteristic remains with the paper, although it has long since ceased to be an exclusively *Herald* feature. There was genius in the man. He had a habit of looking at things from an angular stand-point; and no matter whether the people happened to be in humor with him or not, it was always a necessity that they should know what this man had to say. Among the secrets of the elder Bennett's power was his skill in using men. In later times, when he made suggestions and superintended rather than wrote, it gave him great pleasure to have his ideas properly expressed; and when an article pleased him, he never failed to say so. He never allowed liberties on the part of his men, and he took none with them; but he was appreciative, kind, and encouraging in a high degree. It resulted that his men loved him, tried to please him, and served him with their best. It would have been strange, all things considered, if the *Herald* had not become a great property and a great power.

Speaking of newspapers, there are numerous Scotsmen on the daily and weekly press of the city, some of them occupying leading positions. Whitelaw Reid has Scottish blood in his veins, so also has John Russell Young, and many others that might be named. The *Scottish-American Journal*, which claims to represent the nationality in America, is published in this city. That one such newspaper should satisfy the nationality is proof that Scotsmen in America are not greatly given to politics. The only use they seem to have for a national newspaper is to get "news from home." Perhaps it is best that it should be so.

Within the limits of this article it is hardly possible to do full justice to the nationality in the city. It is unavoidable that some names be omitted, and that some features be overlooked. In many departments, business and professional, Scotsmen were relatively more numerous in early times than they are now. They are less visible in the growing crowd; but they are there all the same. As builders, stone-masons, and carpenters they are plentiful—so plentiful that to mention names would be invidious. As gardeners and seedsmen and florists they are far away in the majority, and they have won the leading positions. Peter Henderson's name is known over the length and breadth of the land. Young & Elliot's (now William Elliot's Sons) auction sales command attention in Europe and Asia as well as throughout this continent. Wilson, of Astoria, whose magnificent establishment was so long a feature of Fourteenth Street, became a sort of household word. And what name is more

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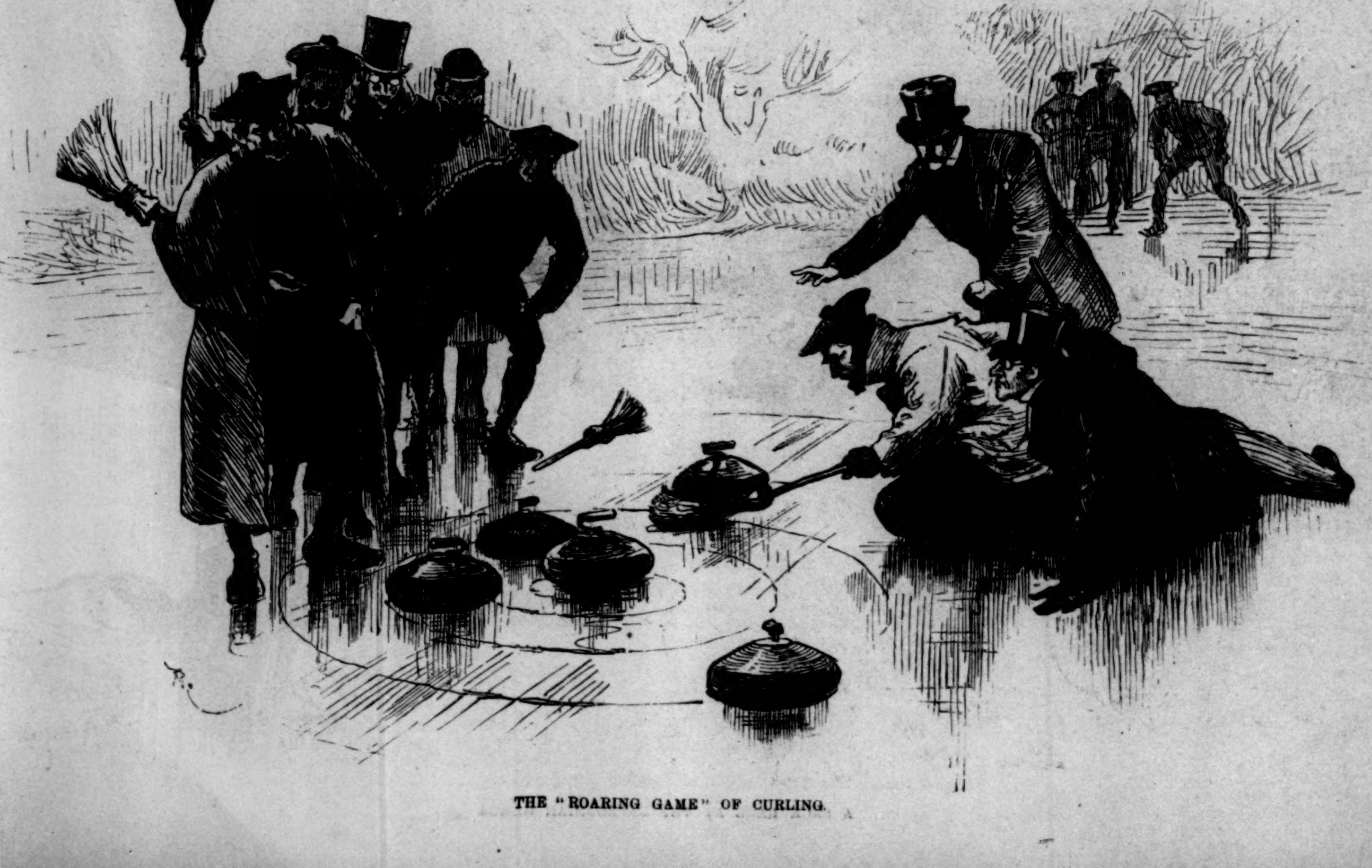

THE "ROARING GAME" OF CURLING.